

THE
DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

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DIARY OF JOHN ADAMS.

THE passion of the French for a celebrity was never more distinctly shown, with stronger circumstances of adulation, than in the reception of Franklin during the long portion of the closing years of his life which he passed at Paris. He was everywhere the lion, to the disturbance, it is said, of the standing menagerie of the court. When Adams landed as Commissioner he was very favorably received, but either from Franklin occupying the ground, an uncongeniality of feeling with the Parisian atmosphere, or, more than all, a sense of public duty, he was out of his element in the metropolis. A passage of his Diary explains this relation:—

THE FAMOUS ADAMS.

"When I arrived in France, the French nation had a great many questions to settle. The first was, Whether I was the famous Adams? Le fameux Adams? Ah, le fameux Adams. In order to speculate a little upon this subject, the pamphlet entitled 'Common Sense' had been printed in the 'Affaires de l'Angleterre et de l'Amérique,' and expressly ascribed to Mr. Adams, the celebrated member of Congress—le célèbre membre du Congrès. It must be further known, that although the pamphlet, Common Sense, was received in France and in all Europe with rapture, yet there were certain parts of it that they did not choose to publish in France. The reasons of this any man may guess. Common Sense undertakes to prove that monarchy is unlawful by the Old Testament. They therefore gave the substance of it, as they said; and, paying many compliments to Mr. Adams, his sense and rich imagination, they were obliged to ascribe some parts to republican zeal. When I arrived at Bordeaux, all that I could say or do would not convince anybody but that I was the fameux Adams. 'C'est un homme célèbre. Votre nom est bien connu ici.' My answer was, 'It is another gentleman, whose name of Adams you have heard; it is Mr. Samuel Adams, who was excepted from pardon by General Gage's proclamation.' 'Oh non, Monsieur, c'est votre modestie.'

"But when I arrived at Paris, I found a very different style. I found great pains taken, much more than the question was worth, to settle the point that I was not the famous Adams. There was a dread of a sensation; sensations at Paris are important things. I soon found, too, that it was effectually settled in the English newspapers that I was not the famous Adams. Nobody went so far in France or England as to

say that I was the infamous Adams. I make no scruple to say that I believe both parties, for parties there were, joined in declaring that I was not the famous Adams. I certainly joined both sides in this, in declaring that I was not the famous Adams, because this was the truth.

"It being settled that he was not the famous Adams, the consequence was plain; he was some man that nobody had ever heard of before, and therefore a man of no consequence—a cipher. And I am inclined to think that all parties, both in France and England—Whigs and Tories in England, the friends of Franklin, Deane, and Lee, in France—differing in many other things, agreed in this, that I was not the famous Adams.

"Seeing all this, and saying nothing—for what could a man say?—seeing also that there were two parties formed among the Americans, as fixed in their aversion to each other as both were to Great Britain, if I had affected the character of a fool, in order to find out the truth and to do good by-and-by, I should have had the example of a Brutus for my justification; but I did not affect this character. I behaved with as much prudence and civility and industry as I could; but still it was a settled point at Paris and in the English newspapers that I was not the famous Adams; and therefore the consequence was settled, absolutely and unalterably, that I was a man of whom nobody had ever heard before,—a perfect cipher; a man who did not understand a word of French; awkward in his figure, awkward in his dress; no abilities; a perfect bigot and fanatic."

There was no great mutual admiration of one another's statesmanship at this time between Adams and Franklin. The latter gets many a sly hit in the Diary, but none shrewder than in this report of a conversation with M. Marbois, on a voyage of the French frigate *Sensible*, upon his return home:—

DR. FRANKLIN DISCUSSED.

"This forenoon, fell strangely, yet very easily, into conversation with M. Marbois. I went up to him. 'M. Marbois,' said I, 'how many persons have you in your train, and that of the Chevalier, who speak the German language?' 'Only my servant,' said he, 'besides the Chevalier and myself.' 'It will be a great advantage to you,' said I, 'in America, especially in Pennsylvania, to be able to speak German. There is a great body of Germans in Pennsylvania and Maryland. There is a vast

proportion of the city of Philadelphia of this nation, who have three churches in it, two of which, one Lutheran, the other Calvinist, are the largest and most elegant churches in the city, frequented by the most numerous congregations, where the worship is all in the German language.' 'Is there not one Catholic?' said M. Marbois. 'Not a German church,' said I. 'There is a Roman Catholic church in Philadelphia, a very decent building, frequented by a respectable congregation, consisting partly of Germans, partly of French, and partly of Irish.' 'All religions are tolerated in America,' said M. Marbois; 'and the ambassadors have in all courts a right to a chapel in their own way; but Mr. Franklin never had any.' 'No,' said I, laughing, 'because Mr. Franklin had no'—I was going to say what I did not say, and will not say here. I stopped short, and laughed. 'No,' said M. Marbois; 'Mr. Franklin adores only great Nature, which has interested a great many people of both sexes in his favor.' 'Yes,' said I, laughing, 'all the atheists, deists, and libertines, as well as the philosophers and ladies, are in his train—another Voltaire, and thence —' 'Yes,' said M. Marbois, 'he is celebrated as the great philosopher and the great legislator of America.' 'He is,' said I, 'a great philosopher, but as a legislator of America he has done very little. It is universally believed in France, England, and all Europe, that his electric wand has accomplished all this revolution. But nothing is more groundless. He has done very little. It is believed that he made all the American constitutions and their confederation; but he made neither. He did not even make the constitution of Pennsylvania, bad as it is. The bill of rights is taken almost verbatim from that of Virginia, which was made and published two or three months before that of Philadelphia was begun; it was made by Mr. Mason, as that of Pennsylvania was by Timothy Matlack, James Cannon, and Thomas Young, and Thomas Paine. Mr. Sherman of Connecticut, and Dr. Franklin made an essay towards a confederation about the same time. Mr. Sherman's was best liked, but very little was finally adopted from either, and the real confederation was not made until a year after Mr. Franklin left America, and but a few days before I left Congress.' 'Who,' said the Chevalier, 'made the Declaration of Independence?' 'Mr. Jefferson of Virginia,' said I, 'was the draughtsman. The committee consisted of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Harrison, Mr. R., and myself; and we appointed Jefferson a sub-committee to draw it up.'

"I said that Mr. Franklin had great merit as a philosopher. His discoveries in electricity were very grand, and he certainly was a great genius, and had great merit in our American affairs. But he had no title to the 'legislator of America.' M. Marbois said he had wit and irony; but these were not the faculties of statesmen. His Essay upon the true means of bringing a great Empire to be a small one, was very

pretty. I said he had wrote many things which had great merit, and infinite wit and ingenuity. His *Bonhomme Richard* was a very ingenious thing, which had been so much celebrated in France, gone through so many editions, and been recommended by curates and bishops to so many parishes and dioceses.

"M. Marbois asked, are natural children admitted in America to all privileges like children born in wedlock? I answered, They are not admitted to the rights of inheritance; but their fathers may give them estates by testament, and they are not excluded from other advantages. 'In France,' said M. Marbois, 'they are not admitted into the army nor any office in government.' I said, they were not excluded from commissions in the army, navy, or state, but they were always attended with a mark of disgrace. M. Marbois said this, no doubt, in allusion to Mr. F.'s natural son, and natural son of a natural son. I let myself thus freely into this conversation, being led on naturally by the Chevalier and M. Marbois on purpose, because I am sure it cannot be my duty, nor the interest of my country, that I should conceal any of my sentiments of this man, at the same time that I do justice to his merits. It would be worse than folly to conceal my opinion of his great faults."

We have quoted this at length because it is the most interesting matter of a personal character the Diary affords—Franklin being at that time and place the "observed of all observers." With those living at the period at home, the first inquiry on an arrival from the old world would be: What of Franklin, his wit, his habits, courtiership, &c.—nor has this gossip abated at the present day. Franklin is still the picturesque character of our early history.

Paul Jones was at that time an American of noticeable mien in France. Adams meets with him frequently at L'Orient, where he is in command of the *Poor Richard*, subsequently to be immortalized by the engagement with the *Serapis*. This notice is characteristic. It is of the date May 13, 1779:

A SIGHT OF PAUL JONES.

"After dinner, walked out with Captains Jones and Landais, to see Jones's marines, dressed in the English uniform, red and white; a number of very active and clever sergeants and corporals are employed to teach them the exercise, and manœuvres and marches, &c.; after which, Jones came on board our ship. This is the most ambitious and intriguing officer in the American navy. Jones has art and secrecy, and aspires very high. You see the character of the man in his uniform, and that of his officers and marines, variant from the uniforms established by Congress—golden button-holes for himself, two epaulettes—marines in red and white, instead of green. Eccentricities and irregularities are to be expected from him. They are in his

character, they are visible in his eyes. His voice is soft and still and small; his eye has keenness and wildness and softness in it."

Having left Franklin, by the act of Congress, sole representative of the country at Paris and returned home, Adams is again sent abroad a Plenipotentiary to negotiate peace and a treaty of commerce with Great Britain. He returned to Europe with the *Sensible*, and is this time obliged to make the port of Corunna. The Spanish travelling experiences of the *Diary*, as he crosses the mountains, may be summed up in this, one of many similar entries:—"I see nothing but signs of poverty and misery among the people. A fertile country, not half cultivated, people ragged and dirty, and the houses universally nothing but mire, smoke, fleas, and lice. Nothing appears rich but the churches; nobody fat but the clergy. The roads, the worst without exception that ever were passed, in a country where it would be easy to make them very good. No symptoms of commerce, or even of internal traffic; no appearance of manufactures or industry. We are obliged in this journey to carry our own beds, blankets, sheets, pillows, &c.; our own provisions of chocolate, tea, sugar, meat, wine, spirits, and everything that we want. We get nothing at the taverns but fire, water, and salt. We carry our own butter, cheese, and indeed salt and pepper too."

A finessing correspondence with Vergennes ensues at Paris, and the *Diary* in its remaining passages is more occupied with political history, and less with anecdote and personalities. We have brief entries of the residence in Holland, where John Quincy is put to Latin and Greek at Leyden. Memoranda of the Peace negotiations follow; and in 1786 at the age of fifty we have the honorable close, of this series of European negotiations, in the First Minister to England—events to which the reader will look forward with interest, to retrace in fuller proportion in Mr. Charles Francis Adams's promised *Life* of his grandfather, of which the *Diary* is but a partial illustration. The last entry, a few months before the commencement of his Presidential term, brings us back to the pursuits of his youth, his books and introspections, in his rural life at Braintree:—"I think to christen my place by the name of Peacefield, in commemoration of the peace which I assisted in making in 1783, of the thirteen years' peace and neutrality which I have contributed to preserve, and of the constant peace and tranquillity which I have enjoyed in this residence."

A few miscellaneous anecdotes close our gossip with the *Diary*:—

JAMAICA AND WATER.

"On Tuesday, November 28th, 1775, the Congress resumed the consideration of the rules and orders for the navy of the United Colonies, and the same being debated by paragraphs, were agreed to as follows. They were drawn up in the Marine Committee, and by my hand, but examined, discussed, and corrected by the committee. In this place I will take the opportunity to observe, that the pleasantest part of my labors for the four years I spent in Congress from 1774 to 1778, was in this Naval Committee. Mr. Lee, Mr. Gadsden, were sensible men, and very cheerful, but Governor Hopkins of Rhode Island, above seventy years of age, kept us all alive. Upon business, his experience and judgment were very useful. But when the business of the evening was over, he kept us in conversation till eleven, and sometimes twelve o'clock. His custom was to drink nothing all day, nor till eight o'clock in the evening, and then his beverage was Jamaica spirit and water. It gave him wit, humor, anecdotes, science, and learning. He had read Greek, Roman, and British history, and was familiar with English poetry, particularly Pope, Thomson, and Milton, and the flow of his soul made all his reading our own, and seemed to bring to recollection in all of us all we had ever read. I could neither eat nor drink in these days. The other gentlemen were very temperate. Hopkins never drank to excess, but all he drank was immediately not only converted into wit, sense, knowledge, and good humor, but inspired us with similar qualities."

M. DUBOURG.

"M. Dubourg was a physician, a bachelor, a man of letters and of good character, but of little consequence in the French world. Franklin had been introduced to him in his first visit to Paris, and Dubourg had translated his works into French. He must have been in years, for he told me he had been acquainted with Lord Bolingbroke, when he was in France. He told us a story of Cardinal Mazarin. An officer petitioned him to make him a captain of his life-guard. The cardinal answered that he had no occasion for any other guard than his tutelary angel. 'Ah, sir,' said the officer, 'your enemies will put him to flight with a few drops of holy water.'"—*Paris Diary*, 1778.

THE ABBÉ RAYNAL.

"Last Tuesday I dined in company with the Abbé Raynal and M. Gêbelin, and asked them to dine with me on the then next Sunday. Accordingly the day before yesterday they both came.

"Monsieur Raynal is the most eloquent man I ever heard speak in French; his voice is sharp and clear, but pleasant; he talks a great deal, and is very entertaining. M. Gêbelin is much less addicted to talking. He is silent, soft, and still; his mind always upon the stretch.

"Breakfasted with the Abbé Raynal at his house, at his particular invitation, with a large company of gentlemen and ladies. The Abbé

is more than sixty, seems "worn with studies, but he has spirit, wit, eloquence, and fire enough."—*Paris Diary*, 1779.

ST. GEORGE AT PARIS.

"Landais gave us an account of St. George at Paris—a mulatto man, son of a former governor of Guadaloupe, by a negro woman. He has a sister married to a farmer-general. He is the most accomplished man in Europe, in riding, running, shooting, fencing, dancing, music. He will hit the button—any button on the coat or waistcoat of the greatest masters. He will hit a crown-piece in the air with a pistol-ball."

FRENCH NAUTICAL DISCIPLINE.

"The discipline on board this ship is a constant subject of speculation to me. I have seen no punishments inflicted, no blows struck, nor heard scarcely an angry word spoken from the captain to any of his officers, or from any of the officers to the men. They live together in greater intimacy and familiarity than any family I ever saw. The *gaillard*, or quarter-deck, seems to be as open to the foremast-men as the captain. Captain, all other officers, the ambassador, his train, common sailors, and domestic servants, are all walking upon deck, and sitting round upon seats on it, upon a footing of perfect equality, that is not seen in one of our country town meetings in America. I never saw so much equality and levelling in any society whatever. Strange contrast to a British or even an American frigate."—*Diary on board the Sensible*, 1779.

SPANISH PIGS.

"I have found the pork of this country to-day, and often before, the most excellent and delicious, as also the bacon, which occasioned my inquiry into the manner of raising it. The Chief Justice informed me that much of it was fattened upon chestnuts, and much more upon Indian corn, which was much better; but that in some provinces of Spain they had a peculiar kind of

acorns, growing upon old pasture oaks, which were very sweet, and produced better pork than either chestnuts or Indian corn; that there were parts of Spain where they fattened hogs upon vipers; they cut off their heads, and gave the bodies to their swine, and they produced better pork than chestnuts, Indian corn, or acorns."—*Diary in Spain*, 1779.

DRINKING CHOCOLATE.

"Ladies drink chocolate in the Spanish fashion. A servant brought in a salver, with a number of tumblers of clean, clear glass, full of cold water, and a plate of cakes, which were light pieces of sugar. Each lady took a tumbler of water and a piece of sugar, dipped her sugar in her tumbler of water, eat the one, and drank the other. The servant then brought in another salver, of cups and hot chocolate. Each lady took a cup and drank it, and then cakes and bread and butter were served; then each lady took another cup of cold water, and here ended the repast."—*Id.*

A concluding hit at Dr. Franklin and intimation of the Presidency, July 28, 1796:—

THE LADY IN A LOBSTER.

"It is more than forty years since I read Swift's comparison of Dryden, in his translation of Virgil, to the Lady in a Lobster, but, until this day, I never knew the meaning of it. To-day, at dinner, seeing lobsters at table, I inquired after the Lady, and Mrs. B. rose and went into the kitchen to her husband, who sent in the little lady herself, in the cradle in which she resides. She must be an old lady; she looks like Dr. Franklin, that is, like an Egyptian mummy. Swift's droll genius must have been amused with such an object. It is as proper a subject, or rather allusion or illustration, for humor and satire, as can be imagined. A little old woman in a spacious habitation as the cradle is, would be a proper emblem of a President in the new house at Philadelphia."

ART.

If the bright life within us be not vanish'd,
But keepeth eagerly and well in play,
Ever an echoing of dearness banish'd
Will call, like far heard fountain, on our way.
'Tis not that Nature's uses for delighting—
Each joy and good of lowly or sublime,
The spirit taketh with an absent slighting,
Nor counteth duly of her weal in time.
Yet, beyond every existing bareness,
Tho' yearn'd above, it lifts a glancing mind

In reachings for a trueness, and a fairness,
A glad completeness, it can nowhere find.
Therefore we bless ye, Painter! and Musician!
And you, O Poet, of the wondrous wand!
Fleet winners of the lovely sound and vision,
And things of beauty from the Artist-land!
Thro' ye, the joyous might and task is given,
The spirit, here, to strengthen with fine air,
Till to the pure, selecter sky of heaven
It mounts, and gives seraphic answers there!
JEROME A. MABEY.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

[A chapter from Mr. Putnam's *Holiday Season* publication, "The Home-Book of the Picturesque," a national work, illustrative of American scenery, by American Artists and Authors; to which the late Mr. Cooper, Mr. Bryant, Dr. Bethune, Bayard Taylor, Alfred B. Street, &c., are also contributors in the literary department, while the artistic is sustained by Cole, Durand, Huntington, Weir, Church, Richards, and others—a well conceived and liberal enterprise.]

THE Catskill, Katskill, or Cat River Mountains, derived their name, in the time of the Dutch domination, from the Catamounts by which they were infested; and which, with the bear, the wolf, and the deer, are still to be found in some of their most difficult recesses. The interior of these mountains is in the highest degree wild and romantic; here are rocky precipices mantled with primeval forests; deep gorges walled in by beetling cliffs, with torrents tumbling as it were from the sky; and savage glens rarely trodden excepting by the hunter. With all this internal rudeness, the aspect of these mountains towards the Hudson at times is eminently bland and beautiful, sloping down into a country softened by cultivation, and bearing much of the rich character of Italian scenery about the skirts of the Apennines.

The Catskills form an advanced post or lateral spur of the Great Alleghanian or Appalachian system of mountains which sweeps through the interior of our continent, from south-west to north-east, from Alabama to the extremity of Maine, for nearly fourteen hundred miles, belting the whole of our original confederacy, and rivalling our great system of lakes in extent and grandeur. Its vast ramifications comprise a number of parallel chains and lateral groups: such as the Cumberland Mountains, the Blue Ridge, the Alleghanies, the Delaware and Lehigh, the Highlands of the Hudson, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. In many of these vast ranges or sierras Nature still reigns in indomitable wildness; their rocky ridges, their rugged clefts and defiles, teem with magnificent vegetation. Here are locked up mighty forests that have never been invaded by the

axe; deep umbrageous valleys where the virgin soil has never been outraged by the plough; bright streams flowing in untasked idleness, unburdened by commerce, unchecked by the mill-dam. This mountain zone is in fact the great poetical region of our country, resisting, like the tribes which once inhabited it, the taming hand of cultivation, and maintaining a hallowed ground for fancy and the muses. It is a magnificent and all-pervading feature, that might have given our country a name, and a poetical one, had not the all-controlling powers of common-place determined otherwise.

The Catskill Mountains, as I have observed, maintain all the internal wildness of the labyrinth of mountains with which they are connected. Their detached position, overlooking a wide lowland region, with the majestic Hudson rolling through it, has given them a distinct character, and rendered them at all times a rallying point for romance and fable. Much of the fanciful associations with which they have been clothed may be owing to their being peculiarly subject to those beautiful atmospherical effects which constitute one of the great charms of Hudson River scenery. To me they have ever been the fairy region of the Hudson. I speak, however, from early impressions, made in the happy days of boyhood, when all the world had a tinge of fairy-land. I shall never forget my first view of these mountains. It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage up the Hudson in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much time; but we enjoyed the river then—we relished it as we did our wine, sip by sip, not, as at present, gulping all down at a draught without tasting it. My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything which partook of the marvellous. Among the passengers on the sloop was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque

stories about every noted place on the river, such as Spuyten Devil Creek, the Tappan Sea, the Devil's Dans-Kammer, and other hobgoblin places. The Catskill Mountains especially called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day slowly tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. In these mountains, he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw spirit had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain. Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones into stars. The great Manitou, or master spirit, employed her to manufacture clouds; sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and sent them off flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers—sometimes she would brew up black thunder-storms, and send down drenching rains, to swell the streams and sweep everything away. He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits who infested the mountains in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brinks of torrents and precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the ever-changing shapes and hues of which appeared to realize the magical influences in question. Sometimes they seemed to approach, at others to recede; during the heat of the day they almost melted into a sultry haze; as the day declined they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and later in the evening their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus shifting continually before my eye, and listened to the marvellous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions concerning them was conjured into my brain, which have haunted it ever since.

As to the Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine, and the cloud-weaving spirits, they may have been suggested by the atmospherical phenomena of these mountains, the clouds which gather round their summits, and the thousand aerial effects which indicate the changes of weather over a great extent of country. They are epitomes of our variable climate, and are stamped with all its vicissitudes. And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes, which are too often made the subject

of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and thrilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance; and then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life!—and the splendors of our summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere—and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky—surely we may say that in our climate “the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork: day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night sheweth knowledge.”

A word more concerning the Catskills. It is not the Indians only to whom they have been a kind of wonder-land. In the early times of the Dutch dynasty we find them themes of golden speculation among even the sages of New Amsterdam. During the administration of Wilhelmus Kieft there was a meeting between the Director of the New Netherlands and the chiefs of the Mohawk nation to conclude a treaty of peace. On this occasion the Director was accompanied by Mynheer Adriaen Van der Donk, Doctor of Laws, and subsequently historian of the colony. The Indian chiefs, as usual, painted and decorated themselves on the ceremony. One of them in so doing made use of a pigment, the weight and shining appearance of which attracted the notice of Kieft and his learned companion, who suspected it to be ore. They procured a lump of it, and took it back with them to New

Amsterdam. Here it was submitted to the inspection of Iohannes De la Montagne, an eminent Huguenot doctor of medicine, one of the counsellors of the New Netherlands. The supposed ore was forthwith put in a crucible and assayed, and to the great exultation of the junto yielded two pieces of gold, worth about three guilders. This golden discovery was kept a profound secret. As soon as the treaty of peace was adjusted with the Mohawks, William Kieft sent a trusty officer and a party of men under guidance of an Indian, who undertook to conduct them to the place where the ore had been found. We have no account of this gold-hunting expedition, nor of its whereabouts, excepting that it was somewhere on the Catskill Mountains. The exploring party brought back a bucketful of ore. Like the former specimen it was submitted to the crucible of De la Montagne, and was equally productive of gold. All this we have on the authority of Doctor Van der Donk, who was an eye-witness of the process and its result, and records the whole in his Description of the New Netherlands.

William Kieft now dispatched a confidential agent, one Arent Corsen, to convey a sackful of the precious ore to Holland. Corsen embarked at New Haven in a British vessel bound to England, whence he was to cross to Rotterdam. The ship set sail about Christmas, but never reached her port. All on board perished.

In 1647, when the redoubtable Petrus Stuyvesant took command of the New Netherlands, William Kieft embarked, on his return to Holland, provided with further specimens of the Catskill Mountain ore; from which he doubtless indulged golden anticipations. A similar fate attended him with that which had befallen his agent. The ship in which he had embarked was cast away, and he and his treasure were swallowed in the waves.

Here closes the golden legend of the Catskills; but another one of similar import succeeds. In 1649, about two years after the shipwreck of Wilhelmus Kieft, there was again rumor of precious metals in these mountains. Mynheer Brant Arent Van

Slechtendorst, agent of the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck, had purchased in behalf of the Patroon a tract of the Catskill lands, and leased it out in farms. A Dutch lass in the household of one of the farmers found one day a glittering substance, which, on being examined, was pronounced silver ore. Brant Van Slechtenhorst forthwith sent his son from Rensselaerswyck to explore the mountains in quest of the supposed mines. The young man put up in the farmer's house, which had recently been erected on the margin of a mountain stream. Scarcely was he housed when a furious storm burst forth on the mountains. The thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed, the rain came down in cataracts; the stream was suddenly swollen to a furious torrent thirty feet deep; the farm-house and all its contents were swept away, and it was only by dint of excellent swimming that young Slechtenhorst saved his own life and the lives of his horses. Shortly after this a feud broke out between Peter Stuyvesant and the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck on account of the right and title to the Catskill Mountains, in the course of which the elder Slechtenhorst was taken captive by the Potentate of the New Netherlands, and thrown into prison at New Amsterdam.

We have met with no record of any further attempt to get at the treasures of the Catskill; adventurers may have been discouraged by the ill luck which appeared to attend all who meddled with them, as if they were under the guardian keep of the same spirits or goblins who once haunted the mountains and ruled over the weather.

That gold and silver ore was actually procured from these mountains in days of yore, we have historical evidence to prove, and the recorded word of Adriaen Van der Donk, a man of weight, who was an eye-witness. If gold and silver were once to be found there, they must be there at present. It remains to be seen, in these gold-hunting days, whether the quest will be renewed, and some daring adventurer, fired with a true Californian spirit, will penetrate the mysteries of these mountains and open a golden region on the borders of the Hudson.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

ALONE with thee, O bald and haughty mount,
Silent I stand as with some silent Power
Brooding 'midst homeless cliffs. Far, far
below

Stretches the severed world, a floating dream
Of woodland and rich valley, where the grain
Trembles with rippling shadows, gilded streams
Sleep 'mid green banks, and ant-hill hamlets
gleam

Where creep the tribes of men. Still as I
clomb,

Pale nature shrank aghast, fearing to pierce
Thy cold retreat! peeps from its hidden nest
No bright-eyed flower, nor tinkles the clear
spring

Down the sweet glen, nor whispers the low
wind

To sighing pines; only some yellow shrub
Stares dwarf-like on the ridge, or clinging
moss,

Like a last, sickly smile on earth's wan face,
Crawls timorous to thy feet. Around me lie
Grim, storm-scathed rocks, within whose
wrinkled cheeks

The winter snow yet nestles; coward suns
Glance quick, then fly, chased by the sleepless
blasts

That guard these mighty battlements. But
thou

Sittest upon thy throne, in solemn hood
Of clouds close veiled, gazing with sovereign eye
Over thy desolate and sunless realm,
And yonder sea of peaks, a rebel host
Of climbing earth-gods, whose dark-tossing
heads

Hurl a vain rage at thine unconquered rest.

O silent mount! lone dweller of the gloom;
Companionless, save of the unmoving mist
And sullen storm! even as the viewless hand
Of withering frost, thy spirit pierces mine,
'Till a dumb image of thyself I gaze
Upon the earth below. No more I hear
The murmuring of life; its restless tide
Rolls far away, the dull and slumberous roar
Of a great sea, surging on unknown shores;
Its pageantry and noise, its golden pride
Dashing as yonder ripple from the light
To caverned silence: vanish all, but Thou
Remainest a cold god, upon whose brow
Torrents of years may plough a gloomier
frown,

Yet standest Thou in thy stern, awful calm
Immovable, a Titan of the past
Uncrushed 'mid ruins, sending on the blast
Thy loud-mouthed herald, a defiant word
To fate and time.

Thou emblem of the soul
In rocky grandeur dwelling far from men,
Scorning their scorn or love. O bitterest curse
Of the high mind, for visions born of truth

White Mountains.

And beauty, a glad torrent into life
Leaping at morn, to dash its foaming strength
Against the cruel cliffs; finding for truth
Grey falsehood, and for beauty hideous sin;
Wandering 'till in despair it climb the steep
Of lonely thought, to reign unvisited
Of one soft sunbeam, far from flowery smiles,
Or music of the woods, or sweeter song
Of homeborn love, a king omnipotent
Over a voiceless, lifeless world.

No more,
Ye icy forms, freeze not with those still eyes
My shivering spirit! Past, already past
Is your brief wonder: now an avalanche
Of crushing grief sweeps o'er me, arrowy
winds

Sound in my ears a funeral dirge, and day
Hides in its veil of mist. O mournful mount!
I leave thy joyless home, I may not reign
With thee in that proud palace far apart
From the warm earth. Ah! better 'tis to
breathe

Even in the sorrowing world the air of love,
Than throned on mountain tops. Thy lonely
state

Is mockery of grandeur. Scorn of men
Is even littleness, or if it wear
The sceptre, or with keener, crownless pride
Sit on the forehead of philosophy,
Wrapt in the mantle of its woeless thought.
True nobleness is his, of heart too high
For selfish hope or fear, and ever just
To the pure law graven on all pure souls,
That links the life of good with sacrifice;
Wearing undimmed, like the calm man of God,
From the far mount of vision where he talked
Alone with heaven, the awful, glistening crown
Of holy thought; content if he may dwell
In lowliest, unthanked toil.

So fare thee well!
O silent monarch! dwell thou here alone
Upon an unshared seat. Come, happy fields,
Smile of the flowers, laugh of the echoing
woods,

Ye cottages where men rejoice or weep,
Where round the vineclad porch the children
play,

And, o'er the cradle bent, the mother sings
Her hymn of joyous care, and grey-haired age
Sleeps by the fireside. Come, ye cities wide,
Where Christ yet walks amid the dreary haunts
Of sorrow, and beneath the crumbling roof
Faith stoops with folded wings, to whisper
words

That make earth heaven. Earth of human
hearts,

Suffering yet blest! to you will I return,
A man among the tribes of men, a man
Kindred in joy or woe, and beating still
With the warm pulses of a living soul.

E. A. W.

THE ILLUSTRATED ALHAMBRA.

A DREAMY book this bright December day is Washington Irving's *Alhambra*. At some such season must its fancies have first come into shape. It is steeped in the languors of the sunny South—and its pictures of old ruins have that air of splendor and decay which the American landscape puts on at this autumnal season. Every one knows the infusion of the *Arabian Nights* and *Gil Blas*, of Haroun Al Raschid, and Sancho Panza in Irving's *Alhambra*. Who can see a quaint ring, or a heap of treasure, or unpack a hamper on a pic nic, or sleep of an afternoon under a sunny tree, without the addition of something to his enjoyment from this charming volume. It was evidently a work of love with the author, a holiday after the history of the Caliphs, to gossip with the poetry of the chroniclers and write the *Alhambra*. There comes, indeed, a period when the immediate practical sequences and ends of history are worn out, when dynasties and successions have been fairly buried, and the new order of things, to all intents and purposes, has forgotten the old. Then history passes over to the romantic and is mythical as mere fable. The wars of Granada were once everyday matters, plain and prosaic, full of discontent, grumbling, and all sorts of diminishing realities. But now "what's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" King Chico is a sumptuous old fellow, good for nothing but the fabulous. Time and the world have done with him long since. He has nothing whatever to do with the family of Louis Philippe, or the remotest connexion with the Cuba question. If the poets can make anything of him, he is their's.

The *Alhambra* is a poet's and humorist's revival of this old stage machinery. There Irving is at home, quaintly continuing and reconstructing from the materials in the "old lumber-room of the imagination." Modern skies and air, for they are unchanged, mingle kindly with the past, and the genial personality of an American from the Hudson harmonizes with the whole.

The *Alhambra* was a delightful book on its first appearance. It is now, with the illustrations of Darley, his slouched and indolent guardsmen and shepherds, exhilarated dancers and intense money-seekers, coquetish maidens and the wonderful lady on an enchanted horse, yet more inviting. And the author has done something more for it, too. This edition is entirely rearranged, re-

touched on almost every page, and enriched with large additions which have gradually come forth in the writer's mind or been drawn from original notes, at first neglected. The enlargement renders the work more precise in its historical references, and includes at least one new tale, among the best told of the Crayon repertoire—the Story of the Enchanted Soldier. A poor student, whose musical vagrant life is charmingly described, becomes possessor of a seal ring, from St. Cyprian, which unlocks a magical imprisonment of a soldier of Isabella, and thereby secures a vast amount of treasure, if only the aid of a pure friend and unsullied maiden is secured. These are the very people:—

"Here he would take his seat with his guitar, improvise love-ditties to admiring groups of majos and majas, or prompt with his music the ever-ready dance. He was thus engaged one evening, when he beheld a Padre of the church advancing, at whose approach every one touched the hat. He was evidently a man of consequence; he certainly was a mirror of good if not of holy living; robust and rosy-faced, and breathing at every pore, with the warmth of the weather and the exercise of the walk. As he passed along he would every now and then draw a maravedi out of his pocket and bestow it on a beggar, with an air of signal beneficence. 'Ah, the blessed father!' would be the cry; 'long life to him, and may he soon be a bishop!'"

"To aid his steps in ascending the hill he leaned gently now and then on the arm of a handmaid, evidently the pet-lamb of this kindest of pastors. Ah, such a damsel! Andalus from head to foot: from the rose in her hair to the fairy shoe and lacework stocking; Andalus in every movement; in every undulation of the body—ripe, melting Andalus!—But then so modest!—so shy!—ever, with downcast eyes, listening to the words of the padre; or, if by chance she let flash a side glance, it was suddenly checked and her eyes once more cast to the ground.

"The good Padre looked benignantly on the company about the fountain, and took his seat with some emphasis on a stone bench, while the handmaid hastened to bring him a glass of sparkling water. He sipped it deliberately and with a relish, tempering it with one of those spongy pieces of frosted eggs and sugar so dear to Spanish epicures, and on returning the glass to the hand of the damsel pinched her cheek with infinite loving-kindness.

"'Ah, the good pastor!' whispered the student to himself; 'what a happiness would it be

to be gathered into his fold with such a pet-lamb for a companion !

"But no such good fare was likely to befall him. In vain he essayed those powers of pleasing which he had found so irresistible with country curates and country lasses. Never had he touched his guitar with such skill ; never had he poured forth more soul-moving ditties, but he had no longer a country curate or country lass to deal with. The worthy priest evidently did not relish music, and the modest damsel never raised her eyes from the ground. They remained but a short time at the fountain ; the good Padre hastened their return to Granada. The damsel gave the student one shy glance in retreating ; but it plucked the heart out of his bosom !

"He inquired about them after they had gone. Padre Tomás was one of the saints of Granada, a model of regularity ; punctual in his hour of rising ; his hour of taking a paseo for an appetite ; his hours of eating ; his hour of taking his siesta ; his hour of playing his game of tresillo, of an evening, with some of the dames of the Cathedral circle ; his hour of supping, and his hour of retiring to rest, to gather fresh strength for another day's round of similar duties. He had an easy, sleek mule for his riding ; a matronly housekeeper skilled in preparing tit-bits for his table ; and the pet lamb, to smooth his pillow at night and bring him his chocolate in the morning."

And this is the unhappy catastrophe of the chaste salute :

"The greatest difficulty, however, was the fast to which the good Padre had to subject himself. Twice he attempted it, and twice the flesh was too strong for the spirit. It was only on the third day that he was enabled to withstand the temptations of the cupboard ; but it was still a question whether he would hold out until the spell was broken.

"At a late hour of the night the party groped their way up the ravine by the light of a lantern, and bearing a basket with provisions for exorcising the demon of hunger so soon as the other demons should be laid in the Red Sea.

"The seal of Solomon opened their way into

the tower. They found the soldier seated on the enchanted strong-box, awaiting their arrival. The exorcism was performed in due style. The damsel advanced and touched the locks of the coffer with the seal of Solomon. The lid flew open ; and such treasures of gold and jewels and precious stones as flashed upon the eye !

"'Here's cut and come again !' cried the student, exultingly, as he proceeded to cram his pockets.

"'Fairly and softly,' exclaimed the soldier. 'Let us get the coffer out entire, and then divide.'

"They accordingly went to work with might and main ; but it was a difficult task ; the chest was enormously heavy, and had been imbedded there for centuries. While they were thus employed the good dominie drew on one side and made a vigorous onslaught on the basket, by way of exorcising the demon of hunger which was raging in his entrails. In a little while a fat capon was devoured, and washed down by a deep potation of Val de peñas ; and, by way of grace after meat, he gave a kind-hearted kiss to the pet lamb who waited on him. It was quietly done in a corner, but the tell-tale walls babbled it forth as if in triumph. Never was chaste salute more awful in its effects. At the sound the soldier gave a great cry of despair ; the coffer, which was half raised, fell back in its place, and was locked once more. Priest, student, and damsel, found themselves outside of the tower, the wall of which closed with a thundering jar. Alas ! the good Padre had broken his fast too soon !

"When recovered from his surprise, the student would have reëntered the tower, but learnt to his dismay that the damsel, in her fright, had let fall the seal of Solomon ; it remained within the vault.

"In a word, the cathedral bell tolled midnight ; the spell was renewed ; the soldier was doomed to mount guard for another hundred years, and there he and the treasure remain to this day—and all because the kind-hearted Padre kissed his handmaid. 'Ah father ! father !' said the student, shaking his head ruefully, as they returned down the ravine, 'I fear there was less of the saint than the sinner in that kiss !'"

STANZAS.

COME with no boisterous mirth,
Nor wild despair ;
Bring not the hopes of earth,
Phantoms of air.

Bring no full sparkling cup—
Twine us no flowers ;
Call not the memory up
Of gladder hours.

Sing—but no triumph strain ;
Touch well the lyre ;
Calm thy stirred heart again,
Govern its fire.

Bliss is a quiet thing,
Half melancholy ;
Sad, tender, lingering,
And mirth is folly.

N. M. S.

MR. SCHOOLCRAFT'S PERSONAL MEMOIRS.

IN 1818 Mr. Schoolcraft embarked on the Alleghany River on a tour of exploration of the Valley of the Mississippi, and with that journey commences a series of records of tours and observations of Western life and scenery, continued to the present time. Of the mines of Missouri, of the waters of the great lakes, of Illinois, of the sources of the Mississippi River, Mr. Schoolcraft was among the first, if not always the very first, to render an account to the scientific world. He was early taken up by Calhoun in 1819, then Secretary of War, was associated with General Cass in the exploration of the territory now called Minnesota, and received from the Government the appointment of Indian Agent on Lake Superior. In those days his books opened to the literary world the growing topics of the West. The knot of medical gentlemen in New York, headed by Dr. Mitchill, who then supported the claims of science in America, made a great deal of Mr. Schoolcraft. Dewitt Clinton was his friend, and Sir Humphrey Davy sent an approving welcome to his labors across the Atlantic. A protracted Western residence ensued, which made Mr. S. a constant source of information and appeal on Indian matters. He wrote for *Silliman's Journal* and the *North American Review*. Latterly he has given his attention particularly to the Indian races, their manners, customs, religion, language, and is at this time (still under the direction of a government whose outposts he once surveyed on the Mississippi, but which he has lived to see advanced thousands of miles further) engaged upon the completion of the Indian census, and the publication of a great national work, which will preserve the memory of nations yet numerous, but rapidly passing away. The progress of such a career has given opportunity for much important observation of events and incidents which are not likely to be repeated in the history of the world. So great an alteration occurs every day in the elements and materials of civilization, that we already look back with interest, as a novelty of the past, upon the simple means of the peaceful conquest of the Valley of the Mississippi. Character which grew up then had more time to grow in; the resources of the country were developed slowly, and the men appear to have been firmly planted, of steady and resolute growth.

Mr. Schoolcraft has been through life a patient and laborious observer, with the habits of a student and writer. He has always proposed useful queries, and always kept records of the results. In addition to his early volumes of Geography, Mineralogy, &c., and his later deduction of Indian subjects, he is now engaged upon the work of methodizing and arranging a series of observations, diaries, journals, &c., illustrative of these main topics, but interspersed with incidents and reflections of a personal character. As a certain frankness and enthusiasm have always been traits of his writings, they are of course to be found here with less reserve. The book impresses us by its honesty and simplicity. There are some things set down which savor of egotism and personal importance, but they were important at the time, and as faithful indexes of the kind of aid and encouragement which supported American literature and science in their infancy, are worthy of preservation.

The book is a huge miscellany of Indian and social topics. Without pretending to classify the extensive catalogue (for which, by the way, a full index of names, places, &c., would be a vast help to Mr. Schoolcraft's reputation and the reader's comfort), we proceed to select a few passages which exhibit the interest of the volume.

Here is a glimpse of scenery and Indian life in 1824:—

TACQUIMENON FALLS.

"Accounts from the Indians represented the falls of the Tacquimenon River of Lake Superior as presenting picturesque features which were eminently worthy of a visit. Confined to the house during the winter, I thought an excursion proper. I determined to take the earliest opportunity, when the ice had left the lake, and before the turmoil of the summer's business began, to execute this wish. For this purpose I took a canoe, with a crew of Chippewa Indians, with whom I was well acquainted, and who were familiar with the scene. I provisioned myself well, and took along my office interpreter. I found this arrangement was one which was agreeable to them, and it put them perfectly at their ease. They travelled along in the Indian manner, talking and laughing as they pleased with each other, and with the interpreter. Nothing could have been better suited to obtain an insight into their manners and opinions. One of their most common topics of talk was the flight of birds, particularly the

carnivorous species, to which they addressed talks as they flew. This subject, I perceived, connected itself with the notions of war and the enemy's country.

"On one occasion after we had entered Lake Superior, and were leisurely paddling, not remote from the shore, one of the Indians fired at and wounded a duck. The bird could not rise so as to fly, but swam ashore, and, by the time we reached land, was completely missing. A white man would have been nonplussed. Not so the Indian. He saw a fallen tree, and carefully looked for an orifice in the under side, and, when he found one, thrust in his hand and drew out of it the poor wounded bird. Frightened and in pain, it appeared to roll its eyeballs completely round.

"By their conversation and familiar remarks, I observed that they were habitually under the influence of their peculiar mythology and religion. They referred to classes of *monetos*, which are spirits, in a manner which disclosed the belief that the woods and waters were replete with their agency. On the second day we reached and entered the Tacquimenon River. It carried a deep and strong current to the foot of the first falls, which they call Fairy Rocks. This Indian word denotes a species of little men or fairies, which, they say, love to dwell on rocks. The falls are broken into innumerable cascades, which give them a peculiarly sylvan air. From the brink of these falls to the upper falls, a distance of about six miles, the channel of the river is a perfect torrent, and would seem to defy navigation. But before I was well aware of it, they had the canoe in it, with a single man with a long pole in the bow and stern. I took my seat between the centre bars, and was in admiration at the perfect composure and *sang froid* with which these two men managed it—now shooting across the stream to find better water, and always putting in their poles exactly at the right instant, and singing some Indian cantata all the while. The upper falls at length burst on our view on rounding a point. The river has a complete drop of some forty feet, over a formation of sandstone. The water forms a complete curtain. There is nothing to break the sheet, or intercept it, till it reaches the deep water below. They said there was some danger of the canoe's being drawn under the sheet by a kind of suction. This stream in fact, geologically considered, crosses through, and falls over, the high ridge of sandstone rock which stretches from Point Iroquois to the Pictured Rocks. I took sketches of both the upper and lower falls.

"Being connected by marriage with an educated and intelligent lady, who is descended by her mother's side from the former ruler of the Chippewa nation—a man of renown—I was received, on this trip, with a degree of confidence and cordiality by the Indians, which I had not expected. I threw myself, naked handed, into their midst, and was received with a noble spirit of hospitality and welcome. And the incidents

of this trip revealed to me some of the most interesting scenes of Indian domestic life."

One of the inquiries once put into Mr. Schoolcraft's hands by Gov. Cass was, whether the Indians used any words equivalent to the civilized habit of swearing. This is his note:—

DO INDIANS SWEAR?

"Many things the Indians may be accused of, but of the practice of swearing they cannot. I have made many inquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and do not, as yet, find any word which is more bitter or reproachful than *matchi annemoash*, which indicates simply, bad-dog. Many of their nouns have, however, adjective inflections, by which they are rendered derogative. They have terms to indicate cheat, liar, thief, murderer, coward, fool, lazy man, drunkard, babbler. But I have never heard of an imprecation or oath. The genius of the language does not seem to favor the formation of terms to be used in oaths or for purposes of profanity. It is the result of the observation of others, as well as my own, to say, that an Indian cannot curse."

A novel feature of Mr. S.'s book is its introduction of the correspondence of living persons: this occasionally furnishes us with interesting details. We have, too, frequently notices of persons with whom the writer has been brought into contact. The late Capt. Marryatt, evidently no favorite, is introduced to us at Detroit, in 1837; and Mrs. Jameson, at the same time, who is spoken of with more affection. Of these personal notices, the most interesting is a conversation with the late Albert Gallatin, at his house in Bleecker street, in 1838. The variety of topics discussed by Mr. Gallatin in this chance interview, and the acumen and freshness on each, display a richly-freighted mind.

A VISIT TO ALBERT GALLATIN.

"Dec. 6th. I visited Mr. Gallatin at his house in Bleecker street, and spent the entire morning in listening to his instructive conversation, in the course of which he spoke of early education, geometric arithmetic, the principles of languages and history, American and European. He said, speaking of the

"EARLY EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—Few children are taught to read well early, and, in consequence, they never can become good readers. A page should, as it were, dissolve before the eye, and be absorbed by the mind. Reading and spelling correctly cannot be too early taught, and should be thoroughly taught.

"*Arithmetic*.—G. There is no good arithmetic in which the reasons are given, so as to be intelligible to children. Condorcet wrote the best tract on the subject, while in confinement at a widow's house near Paris, before his execution.

The language of arithmetic is universal, the eight digits serving all combinations. They were not introduced till 1200. The Russians count by sticks and beads. The Romans must have had some such method. M stood for 1000, D for 500, C for 100, L for 50, X for ten, V for five, and I for one. But how could they multiply complex sums by placing one under another?

"LANGUAGES.—S. How desirable it would be if so simple a system could be applied to language.

"G. Ah! it was not designed by the Creator. He evidently designed diversity. I have recently received some of the native vocabularies from Mackenzie—the Blackfeet and Fall Indians, &c. Parker had furnished in his travels vocabularies of the Nez Percés, Chinooks, &c.

"LEADING FAMILIES.—S. The term Algonquin, as commonly understood, is not sufficiently comprehensive for the people indicated.

"G. I intended to extend it by adding the term 'Lenape.' The Choctaw and the Muscogee is radically the same. The Chickasaw and Choctaw has been previously deemed one. Du Pratz wrote about the Mobilian language without even suspecting that it was the Choctaw.

"G. The National Institute at Paris has printed Mr. Duponceau's Prize Essay on the Algonquin. Dr. James wrote unsuccessfully for the prize. Duponceau first mentioned you to me. He has freely translated from your lectures on the subject, which gives you a European reputation.

"PUBLISHERS ON PHILOLOGY.—G. There is no patronage for such works here. Germany and France are the only countries where treatises on philology can be published. It is Berlin or Paris, and of these Berlin holds the first place. In Great Britain, as in this country, there is not sufficient interest on the subject for booksellers to take hold of mere works of fact of this sort. They are given to reading tales and light literature, as here.

"ORAL TALES OF THE INDIANS.—G. Your 'Indian Tales' and your 'Hieroglyphics' would sell here; but grammatical materials on the languages will not do, unless they can be arranged as appendixes.

"S. I urged Governor Cass to write on this subject, and he declined.

"G. Does he understand the languages?

"S. Pronouns, in our Indian languages, are of a more permanent character than philologists have admitted. They endure in some form, in kindred dialects, the most diverse.

G. This is true, the sign is always left, and enables one clearly enough to trace stocks. Dialects are easily made. There are many in France, and they fill other parts of Europe. Every department in France has one.

"DISCRIMINATING VIEWS OF PHILOLOGY AND PHILOLOGISTS.—G. It is not clear what Hecke-

welder meant by 'whistling sound,' in the prefix pronouns. I told Mr. Duponceau that it had been better that the gentleman's MSS. were left as he originally wrote them, with mere corrections as to grammar—that we should then, in fact, have had *Indian* information. For Hecke-welder thought and felt like a Delaware, and believed all their stories.

"MONOSYLLABIC LANGUAGE.—G. You have asserted that all the Indian roots are monosyllables.

"S. Most of them, not all. This is a branch to which I have paid particular attention; and if there is anything in Indian philology in which I deem myself at home, it is in the analysis of Indian words, the digging out of roots, and showing their derivatives and compounds.

"G. The societies would print your observations on these topics. They are of much interest.

"ORIGIN OF THE INDIAN LANGUAGE.—S. The Hebrew is based on roots like the Indian, which appear to have strong analogies to the Semitic family. It is not clearly Hindostanee, or Chinese, or Norse. I have perused Rafin's Grammar by Marsh. The Icelandic (language) clearly lies at the foundation of the Teutonic.

"G. I have not seen this. The grammatical principles of the Hebrew are widely different (from the Indian). There is, in this respect, no resemblance. I think the Indian language has principles akin to the Greek. The middle moods, or voices, in the Greek and Indian dialects are alike; they make the imperfect past, or *aorist*, in a similar manner.

"PATOIS.—G. The great impediment to popular instruction in France is the multiplicity of *patois*, and the tenacity of the peasantry for them. The same objection exists to the use of so many Indian dialects by such numbers of petty tribes. Pity these were not all abolished. They can never prosper without coming on to general grounds in this respect.

"CHINESE.—Mr. Duponceau had published Col. Galindo's account of the Ottomic of Mexico, and likened it to the Chinese. It was the very reverse.

"ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—S. The English language of Chaucer's day is based on the Frisie, Belgie, and Low Dutch; and not on the Saxon. (Examples were given. He fully assented to this, and used his familiarity with European history to demonstrate it.)

"G. There was, in fact, no Anglo-Saxon but that of Alfred, which was the old English. The early migrations were from Belgium. Doubtless the Teutons had made the conquest ascribed to them, but I think they did not revolutionize the language. They conquered the people, but not the language.

"WASHINGTON IRVING.—G. Washington Irving is the most popular writer. Anything from his pen would sell.

"JOHN JACOB ASTOR.—Several years ago, J. J. A. put into my hands the journal of his traders on the Columbia, desiring me to use it. I put it into the hands of Malte Brun, at Paris, who employed the geographical facts in his work, but paid but little respect to Mr. Astor, whom he regarded merely as a merchant seeking his own profit, and not a discoverer. He had not even sent a man to observe the facts in the natural history. Astor did not like it. He was restive several years, and then gave Washington Irving \$5,000 to take up the MSS. This is the History of 'Astoria.'

"RAFINESQUE.—This erratic naturalist being referred to, he said—

" 'Who is Rafinesque, and what is his character?'

"NAPOLEON AND NERO.—Bonaparte was a mathematician; but, whatever he did, he did not appreciate other branches of science and research. On taking Rome he carried to Paris

all the Pope's archives, containing, in fact, the materials for the secret history of Europe. The papers occupied seventy large boxes, which were carefully corded and sealed, and put away in a garret of the Louvre at Paris, and never opened. On the restoration of the Bourbons, Louis XVIII. gave them back to the Pope's nuncio. The seals had never been broken.

"Bonaparte hated Tacitus. He was an aristocrat, he said, and lied in his history. He had blackened the character of Nero merely because he was a republican. 'That may be, sire,' said —, 'but it is not the generally received opinion, and authorities sustain him.' 'Read Suetonius,' said he. 'Truly,' said M. Gallatin, 'it is there stated that the people strewed flowers on Nero's grave for years.'

"ALGIC RESEARCHES.—The oral legends of the Indians collected by me being alluded to, he said 'Take care that, in publishing your Indian legends, you do not subject yourself to the imputations made against Macpherson.'

THE HILL.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE."

The valley sleeps; the valley sunned,
The valley sheeted by the haze
That stretches o'er the drowsy gaze;
The haze that veils the hills beyond.

That veils them with a gauzy veil
That hangs as sleepily, that lies
As though the sun half closed his eyes
And let the lashes brush the dale.

When sudden through the summer heat
A wingèd messenger appears;
The shady grove an angel nears,
And treads the grass with silver feet.

"Rise! dreamer on the Hill of Doubt,
The mist is rifted for thy sight,
The mist so white 'twas seeming light—
Such light is only from without.

* NOTE TO EDITORS:—I send you a few verses written (as is quite common in my versifying) with a double purpose. The objective picture may be regarded as a simple one of parental joy upon the birth of a first child. Beneath, the subjective shows how the parental sentiment when awakened in the human heart will suggest the idea and proof analogical of a God's existence and love: the parental instinct or passion awakened in the heart of an earthly parent reflecting there the love of a heavenly Father, where before had rested the haze of scepticism or irreligion—awakened in one who was reposing wrapped in worldly ease and conscious of no vital religious principle and belief. In other words, one who had rested looking at the valley world in the hazy light of his own reason (the light without), not having yet felt that awakening of Faith (the light within) through experience of joy or grief; through the visitation of God upon his own heart.

D. P. B.

October 22, 1851.

"Up, dreamer, from thy nooning rest!
Ere yester eve the sun had set
He who had ne'er been father yet
Was made by God a father blest.

"Arouse thee from thy lethargy!
Behold another *being's* birth;
Another soul adorning earth—
Arise, a child is born to thee!"

Then upward from his heart they gushed—
The thoughts that struggled with each other,
The feelings that must vent or smother—
Then upward from his breast they rushed.

It rent the heart, it rent the breast,
The passion of that holy hour,
The passion of a awakened power,
The passion that would never rest.

It rent the dress of words apart,
It left the palpable that bound,
The gross, the clog of words, the sound
Behind for meaner use of art.

As down upon his knees he dropped,
And out into the holy air
Went forth the soul of silent prayer—
A spirit that would not be stopped.

The parent's rapture newly lit,
The electric circle made complete,
A father at THE FATHER'S feet
As Father-child with Faith to sit.

A prayer of thanks, a prayer of joy
From one both lofty now and lowly,
A prayer beyond all others holy,
That thanked his FATHER for his BOY.

THE SPANISH SYSTEM IN PERU.

MOTHER countries generally reverse the order of Nature, deriving nutriment and support from, instead of bestowing them upon, their offspring. A colony is considered a good *vache à lait*, and milked accordingly; the government, however, getting only for its share the skimmed milk, its officers appropriating to themselves all the cream. This is well illustrated in this little book.

In the year 1735, George and Anthony Ulloa were sent out, in company with some French astronomers, on a scientific expedition, in order to measure the length of a terrestrial degree on the equator, with a view to a settlement of the Copernican theory in regard to the figure of the earth. The scientific object of the expedition having been accomplished, the Ulloas proceeded to the investigation of the condition of the ancient kingdom of Peru, embracing the present republics of Ecuador and Peru, and a portion of the existing empire of Brazil. The result of that investigation was embodied in a secret report to King Ferdinand VI. of Spain, which by some means or other, of which we are not told, an Englishman got possession of and published in Spanish. The present book is an abridged translation of that report by an American. It gives a sad history of the injustice, cruelty, and oppression on the part of the governors, and of the suffering, misery, and servile subjection on the part of the governed. The natives were mercifully cared for in theory by Spain, but mercilessly treated in practice by its officials. Good laws were enacted, while bad judges administered. The remoteness of the colonies from the home government led to irresponsibility, and thence to corruption and injustice.

The *corregidores*—the governors sent out by Spain to rule the colonies—were of that numerous class of jolly beggars, sons, footmen, cousins, and pimps of Spanish grandees, such as we read of in *Gil Blas*, as dividing among themselves whole provinces and countless Spanish pistoles. These governors were sent out on an income of two thousand Spanish dollars a year, and returned in the course of five years—having lived probably luxuriously in the meantime—with their hundreds of thousands. This was wrung from the sweat and toil of the Indians, by dint of oppression, stripes, torture, cruelty even to blood, starvation, sickness, death.

It is quite easy to understand how the rapid fortunes were made by these *corregidores*, when, setting up in business on their own account, they not only forced their customers to buy what they *did* want at any price the *corregidores* were pleased to ask, but what they *did not* want at the same reasonable price. Here is an illustration of

TRADING WITH INDIANS.

"So much being premised, the *corregidor* receives a part of all which the dealer has for sale, takes it to his department, and distributes it collectively, as it is not to be supposed he would lose those things which are useless to the Indians. Of what possible service can three quarters or a yard of velvet, at forty or fifty dollars, be to one of those serfs, who might be compared to the most clownish and wretched peasants of Spain, and who is employed in digging the ground, or travelling on foot behind his master's mule to earn a day's wages, which scarcely suffice for his bare wants? And of what value to him would be a similar amount of silk or satin? What use could he make of a pair of silk stockings, when he would thank God if he could be allowed woollen ones, even of the coarsest texture? What occasion has an Indian for mirrors whose hut is the abode of poverty, and in which nothing but smoke is visible? How can he be in want of a padlock, if, even when all his family are absent, by simply turning a door made of reeds or skins, he protects a habitation whose jewels are safe, because they are of no value? But even this could be passed over, in comparison of what is more worthy of notice. The Indians, by their peculiar constitution, are wholly destitute of beard, nor do they ever shave their hair; and yet they are furnished with razors, for which they pay a very handsome price. Surely this looks like making sport of that unfortunate race. And what shall we say of the practice of compelling them to buy pens and blank paper, when the greater part do not understand Spanish, and when their own language has never been reduced to writing? Playing-cards, likewise, are distributed for their use, when they do not even know their figures, nor has that people any inclination for gambling; as also cases for tobacco, when the instance is not known of any one who has ever used them."

The Spaniard, in his conduct towards the Indians, is made out to have been a monster of cruelty. His nature was supposed by the Indians to be so inhuman, that his very cruelty, his stripes, were considered evi-

dences of affection, and his blow, like the deadly hug of the bear, was thought to be an endearment.

A SPANIARD'S CARESSES.

"The natives have become so accustomed to chastisement that they not only cease to fear it, but even regard an occasional truce from it with apprehension and alarm. The Indian boys (*cholitos*) who wait upon the curates and other individuals are wont to look sad, and even to flee away, after a long interval of exemption from punishment; and if questioned as to the cause of their sadness or flight, they reply, in their simplicity, that their masters do not appear to love them, because they no longer chastise them. The source of this error is not to be looked for in their simplicity, nor in any partiality the mature Indian may have to chastisement in itself; but, having been accustomed to ill treatment ever since the conquest, they have conceived the idea that the Spaniards are a class of people whose very caresses and fondnesses are stripes and blows; and this is either no mistake, or, if it be one, it is pardonable in the Indians; for their masters, after having chastised them with merciless cruelty, always say to them that they punish them because they love them, and the simple Indian has learned to give to this barbarous expression its literal import. Parents teach it to their children, and the unsuspecting innocence of the latter is easily made to believe that it is doing them a kindness to make them weep and bathe themselves in tears of anguish; hence it is that they are accustomed to give thanks to their tormentor, kneeling before him and kissing his hand, although it be that of a negro, with expressions of gratitude for an act of cruelty, as if it had been the dictate of mercy."

The priests were worse than the *corregidores*. They sold their spiritual wares at the most exorbitant rates. It was ruin to live, ruin to die, and ruin to go to heaven. Hard labor, and the expense of living, beggared and killed the Indian; his funeral expenses, and the high-priced prayers for the dead, ruined his family. The priest having lost credit with heaven for his impiety, pretended to be acting for God while he was acting for himself; like the bankrupt trader, who professes to be an *agent* for others while he is putting the money in his own pocket. The priests plundered the Indian, dishonored his wife and his daughters, and cheated him out of admission to heaven, by selling him a forged ticket at a monstrous price. Here is an incident that reads like a chapter out of a French novel, with rather a better moral however:—

CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY.

"In a village belonging to the jurisdiction of

Cuenca, the curacy of which pertains to one of the orders, a friar was serving as curate at a time that the cacique of the town had a young daughter, who, for an Indian girl, possessed no ordinary share of beauty. The curate had used every artifice to accomplish her destruction; but her own firmness, as well as the estimable character of her father, had saved her from falling into the fatal snare. The curate could not tolerate the contempt of the Indian woman, and had the impudence to make known his designs to her father; but the latter prided himself so much on the rank of his family, as well as on the circumstance of his daughter's being the only heiress of the chiefship, that he rejected with scorn the wicked and shameful proposal. The curate, discovering that the cacique was unfavorable to his designs, invented a falsehood (to set aside the difficulty) as perverse as could be dictated by the infernal spirit himself. He went to the cacique to ask her in marriage; and, with a view to overcome the repugnance which such a novel occurrence might excite, he told him that he would obtain a license from his bishop, in which case he would be allowed to marry. He further attempted to remove all the doubts which might suggest themselves to the mind of the cacique on the subject, by informing him that, although this practice was not a common one, such licenses were generally refused only on the ground that they could not be burdened with the expense of maintaining the widows and children which might become dependent upon them; but that this circumstance did not obtain in him, inasmuch as he possessed an estate adequate to the support of a family, not to mention the terms of intimacy in which he had always lived with the bishop. Finally, he cited to him false precedents and fictitious documents, by which the cacique was convinced of his sincerity, and promised him his daughter in marriage as soon as he should obtain the requisite permission. In order to deceive the cacique, he immediately sent an express, although for a very different purpose, to the provincial of his order in Quito, and, while awaiting his return, he drew up, with the aid of his assistant, a false patent, in which he set forth that that prelate had granted him a license to marry. The messenger returned, and when the cacique called at the curate's to know the result, he showed him the document, and the cacique, with evident marks of satisfaction, congratulated him on the favorable result. The mock nuptials were celebrated that very night, and the curate's assistant officiated as priest, without the presence of witnesses, or any regard to the usual forms; for the priest maliciously insinuated to him that these were not requisite in cases of that kind. The ceremony was performed, and from that day they continued to lead a married life. The Indians of the village spread the report of the curate's having married the cacique's daughter, but no one could persuade himself to believe that it could have been so in reality, but supposed he had taken her as a

concubine, it being so common to have such. The occurrence did not attract much notice at first, and they continued living together for many years, until, after having had a numerous family, the fraud was discovered, and the priest suspended for a time from the duties of the priestly office. The unfortunate Indian woman was burdened with children, and the cacique, grieved for the reproach he had suffered, died soon after, the heaviest part of the punishment ultimately falling on those who had been guilty

of no other crime than that of having listened with credulity to the protestations of a priest."

Such a state of things led to and justified the revolt of the South American provinces, and the same state of things had so degraded and abased the people that it left them incapable of self-government, a prey to anarchy and disorder, at the mercy of which they have remained to this day.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES'S POEMS.

[From the London Weekly News and Chronicle.]

THIS book is a melancholy record of wasted genius, a soured life, and a premature death. Thomas Lovell Beddoes was born in 1803. His father was Dr. Thomas Beddoes of Clifton—the early friend and introducer of Sir Humphrey Davy; his mother was a sister of the celebrated Maria Edgeworth. Dr. Beddoes died in 1809; the son, left to the guardianship of Sir Davies Gilbert, the well-known President of the Royal Society, was sent at the age of fourteen to the Charter House, and at seventeen was entered as a commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford. At the Charter House young Beddoes was noted as a clever, unsocial boy, with a strong spice of originality, and a certain taint of morose eccentricity. He was, however, on the whole, a leader amongst his fellows; apt at the contrivance of the more daring freaks of schoolboy mischief, resolute, witty, and humorous. All nicknames imposed by Beddoes had the gift of sticking fast—a species of slang invented by him speedily acquired currency throughout the school, and lasted through several generations—is perhaps still the idiom of the "Green" and the "Cloisters." Mr. Bevan, of the Western Circuit, who was Beddoes's fag at the Charter House, and communicates most of the particulars of his school life, tells us moreover that Beddoes, ere he left school, had filled his mind to repletion with the dramatic literature of the Elizabethan age, and was an enthusiastic declaimer and imitator of the manner of popular actors. At Oxford Beddoes gave himself up to an intense and very profound study of poetry and the drama, soon adding to his worship of Marlowe, Ford, and Webster, a passionate adoration of Shelley, which never left him. Of course he took no honors at the University, but during his residence there in 1822, published the "Bride's Tragedy," a drama which was welcomed with high praise

in the highest critical quarters; receiving a laudatory notice from Mr. Procter in the *Edinburgh Review*, and from George Darley in the *London Magazine*, whose dramatic articles, contributed to that ably-supported periodical under the signature of John Lacy, were at that time (1823) exciting considerable attention. It was at this period that the intimacy sprang up between Beddoes and the present editor, which appears to have continued till the decease of the former. It was about the same time also that he became acquainted with Mr. Procter. Thus early and prosperously launched upon a literary career, it might have been supposed that Beddoes would have been confirmed in the pursuit of what had hitherto been his favorite art. Not so, however. With the strange waywardness that throughout characterized him, he left Oxford and literature, for a succession of German Universities, and the pursuits of physiological and anatomical science. For awhile he appears to have thrown himself ardently upon the study of comparative anatomy under the celebrated Blumenbach; but the possession of a competency, and confirmed habits of intellectual self-indulgence, appear gradually to have worn away the vigor of his active powers. Though his reputation, even in Germany, as a man of abstract science, stood high, yet he rather avoided than sought opportunities of making his intellectual resources available for the purpose of scientific instruction, and from 1824 to 1848, with the exception of a few occasional visits to his own country, or, as he calls it, "the native land of the unicorn"—he resided principally in Germany or Switzerland—passing from one university city to another, but finally making his abode almost entirely at Zurich. In 1848, while dissecting in Frankfort, he unfortunately pricked his finger with an instrument imbued with some

poisoned virus. From the shock thus occasioned his system never recovered; a fall from his horse still further shattered his enfeebled system, and he died at Basle, in his forty-sixth year, in January, 1849.

The present editor has published with laudable fidelity the letters that he received from Beddoes at scattered intervals during a period of six-and-twenty years. There are a few also of those he wrote to Mr. Procter. There is deep interest about the self-portraiture of this strange, wayward, solitary soul. It is melancholy, however, to observe the gradual loss of healthy zest in all the pursuits of a manly ambition—the morbid moodiness of disappointment and discontent that clouds over the maturity of the self-centred and self-pleasing student. It is curious, too, to watch the gradual recurrence of the poetic nature to its first love—science appears to pall. Of Continental Liberalism (and the editor tells us that Beddoes was an enthusiastic thinker and writer in the cause of German Constitutionalism) there is no trace in the correspondence; but the letters of year after year are filled with solicitudes and consultations about the alteration of a song or a scene in “Death’s Jest Book,” that wild drama, which, though not finally published till after his death, was the favorite occupation of many long years of his life, and will undoubtedly be his best passport to immortality.

Search among his posthumous papers revealed the same story: he had left no writings behind him in the sciences, whose pursuit he professed with pride, but had carefully preserved the dramatic and lyrical fragments of which he had always spoken with disparagement. We think the present editor quite right in publishing these relics as he found them. We are equally clear that they will add no leaf to that sere garland of *immortelles* which already twines round the tomb of the author of “Death’s Jest Book.” Such as it was, that was his master work. The dramatic fragments of the present volume have even more studied ruggedness—a more truculent enormity of horror—but they have less thought, less beauty, fewer wild touches of appalling sublimity and infinite desolation. So again with the lyrical fragments—they do not come near the witching melody of those beautiful swan-songs which harmonized the horror of that nightmare drama.

His boy’s work, “The Bride’s Tragedy”—here reprinted—exceeds the dramatic fragments as much in power as in beauty, and is indeed a promise which nothing but a perverse misuse of great powers could have defeated of its fair accomplishment.

Of the dramatic fragments the finest is the “Second Brother.” Here is a scene full of that weird mysterious presentiment of evil which we find in the “Duchess of Malfi” or the “Broken Heart.” Orazio withdraws with his mistress Armida from a riotous banquet:

“*Armida*. What! wrap a frown in myrtle, and look sad

Beneath the shadow of an ivy wreath?
This should not be, my lord.

“*Oraz.* Armida dear,
I’m weary of their laughter’s empty din.
Methinks these fellows, with their ready jests,
Are like to tedious bells, that ring alike
Marriage or death. I would we were alone—
Asleep, Armida.

“*Armida*. They will soon be gone:
One half hour more—

“*Oraz.* No, it could not be so:
I think and think—Sweet, did you like the feast?

“*Armida*. Methought ’twas gay enough.

“*Oraz.* Now, I did not.
’Twas dull: all men spoke slow and emptily;
Strange things were said by accident. Their
tongues

Uttered wrong words: one fellow drank my
death,

Meaning my health; another called for poison,
Instead of wine; and as they spoke together
Voices were heard, most loud, which no man
owned:

There were more shadows too than there were
men;

And all the air more dark and thick than night
Was heavy, as ’twere made of something more
Than living breaths.

“*Armida*. Nay, you are ill, my lord:
’Tis merely melancholy.

“*Oraz.* There were deep hollows
And pauses in their talk; and then, again,
On tale, and song, and jest, and laughter rang.
Like a fiend’s gallop. By my ghost, ’tis strange.

“*Armida*. Come, my lord, join your guests;
they look with wonder

Upon your lonely mood.

“*Oraz.* It is the trick
Of these last livers to unbuild belief:
They’d rob the world of spirit. Then each
look,

Aye, every aspect of the earth and sky,
Man’s thought and hope, are lies. Well; I’ll
return,
And look at them again.”

Orazio’s beloved is torn from him. His despair finds words in this magnificent burst of frenzy:

“*Oraz.* (Starting up). Mine eternally!
Let heaven unsheath each star-hilted lightning,
And clench ten thousand hands at once against
me—

Earth shake all graves to one, and rive itself
From Lybia to the North! in spite of all

That threatens, I will stun the adulterous
gods—

She's mine! Valeria's mine! dash me to death—
From death to the eternal depth of fire—
I laugh and triumph on the neck of fate:
For still she's mine for ever! give me her,
Or I will drag thee to a sea-side rock,
That breaks the bottoms of the thunder-clouds,
And taking thee by this old wicked hair,
Swing thee into the winds."

Marcello visits the imprisoned Orazio
while his despair for the loss of his wife is
still fresh, and tempts him with promises of
restoring her:

"Oraz. My wife is dead! thou know'st not
what I mean,

And therefore art accurst. Now let me weep.

"Marc. Thou dost me wrong. Lament! I'd
have thee do't:

The heaviest raining is the briefest shower.
Death is the one condition of our life;
To murmur were unjust; our buried sires
Yielded their seats to us, and we shall give
Our elbow-room of sunshine to our sons.
From first to last the traffic must go on:
Still birth for death. Shall we remonstrate
then?

Millions have died that we might breathe this
day:

The first of all might murmur, but not we.
Grief is unmanly too.

"Oraz. Because 'ts godlike.
I never felt my nature so divine,
As at this saddest hour. Thou'dst have me
busy

In all the common usage of this world:
To buy and sell, laugh, jest, and feast, and
sleep,

And wake and hunger that I might repeat 'em;
Perchance to love, to woo, to wed again.

"Marc. The wanted wheel.

"Oraz. Oh! how I hate thee for't!
I've passed through life's best feelings; they are
her's;

Humanity's behind me. Ne'er I'll turn,
But, consecrated to this holy grief,
Live in her memory: heaven has no more.

"Marc. Yes, *she* is there. Let not thy woes
be impious,

Lest ye should never meet; but anchor thee
On the remembrance that thou there wilt meet
Her deepest self, her spirit.

"Oraz. Thou talk'st to me of spirits and of
souls:

What are they? what know I or you of them?
I love no ghost: I loved the fairest woman,
With too much warmth and beauty in her
cheek,

And gracious limbs, to hold together long.
To-day she's cold and breathless, and to-
morrow

They'll lay her in the earth; there she will
crumble:

Another year no place in all the world,

But this poor heart, will know of her existence.
Can she come back, oh! can she ever be
The same she was last night in my embrace?
No comfort else, no life!

"Marc. She can.

"Oraz. What didst thou speak?

Blaspheme not Nature: 'wake not hope to
stab it:

Oh! take not comfort's sacred name in vain!

Wilt say it now again?

"Marc. There is a way,

Which, if thy heart's religion could permit—

"Oraz. What's that but she? Do it, whate'er
it is;

I take the sin to me. Come what will come—
And what but pain can come?—for that will be
All paradise concentrate in a minute
When she—but she is dead; I saw her corpse;
Upon my soul thou liest unfathomably;
No god could do it."

In the unfinished drama called "*Torri-
mond*," amid much that is wildly extravagant
both in thought and diction, there are some
passages of exquisite beauty and pathos.
This is Shakspearean in its dulcet complete-
ness:

"Veron. Come then, a song; a winding,
gentle song,

To lead me into sleep. Let it be low
As zephyr, telling secrets to his rose,
For I would hear the murmuring of my
thoughts;

And more of voice than that of other music
That grows around the strings of quivering
lutes;

But most of thought; for with my mind I listen,
And when the leaves of sound are shed upon it,
If there's no seed remembrance grows not there.
So life, so death; a song, and then a dream!
Begin before another dewdrop fall
From the soft hold of these disturbed flowers,
For sleep is filling up my senses fast,
And from these words I sink."

We have already said that, in our judg-
ment, the lyrics contained in this volume are
inferior to those which formed the gems of
"*Death's Jest Book*." Many of them, how-
ever, have great beauty, as witness this
snatch of song from the "*Second Brother*:"

"Will you sleep these dark hours, maiden,
Beneath the vine that rested

Its slender boughs, so purple-laden,

All the day around that elm

Nightingale-nested,

Which yon dark hill wears for a helm,

Pasture-robed and forest-crested?

There the night of lovely hue

Peeps the fearful branches through,

And ends in those two eyes of blue."

As one of the completest, though not
perhaps, the most striking of the lyrics, we
extract that called "*Boding Dreams*:"

"In lover's ear a wild voice cried :
 ' Sleeper, awake and rise !'
 A pale form stood at his bed-side,
 With heavy tears in her sad eyes.
 ' A beckoning hand, a moaning sound,
 A new-dug grave in weedy ground
 For her who sleeps in dreams of thee.
 Awake ! Let not the murder be !'
 Unheard the faithful dream did pray,
 And sadly sighed itself away.
 ' Sleep on,' sung Sleep, ' to-morrow
 'Tis time to know thy sorrow.'
 ' Sleep on,' sung Death, ' to-morrow
 From me thy sleep thou'lt borrow.'
 Sleep on, lover, sleep on,
 The tedious dream is gone ;
 The bell tolls one.

"Another hour, another dream :
 ' Awake ! awake !' it wailed,
 ' Arise, ere with the moon's last beam
 Her dearest life hath paled.'
 A hidden light, a muffled tread,
 A daggered hand beside the bed
 Of her who sleeps in dreams of thee.
 Thou wak'st not : let the murder be,
 In vain the faithful dream did pray,
 And sadly sighed itself away.
 ' Sleep on,' sung Sleep, ' to-morrow
 'Tis time to know thy sorrow.'
 ' Sleep on,' sung Death, ' to-morrow
 From me thy sleep thou'lt borrow.'
 Sleep on, lover, sleep on,
 The tedious dream is gone ;
 Soon comes the sun.

"Another hour, another dream :
 A red wound on a snowy breast,
 A rude hand stifling the last scream,
 On rosy lips a death-kiss pressed.
 Blood on the sheets, blood on the floor,
 The murderer stealing through the door.
 ' Now,' said the voice, with comfort deep,
 ' She sleeps, indeed, and thou may'st sleep.'
 The scornful dream then turned away
 To the first, weeping cloud of day.
 ' Sleep on,' sung Sleep, ' to-morrow
 'Tis time to know thy sorrow.'
 ' Sleep on,' sung Death, ' to-morrow,
 From me thy sleep thou'lt borrow.'
 Sleep on, lover, sleep on,
 The tedious dream is gone :
 The murder's done."

The prose of Beddoes has the same unmistakable impress of originality and power as his verse. We have rarely read cleverer letters, and must find room for an extract or two. Here is the poetry of "fire-flies :

"Their bright light is evanescent, and alternate with the darkness ; as if the swift wheeling of the earth struck fire out of the black atmosphere ; as if the winds were being set upon this planetary grindstone, and gave out such mo-

mentary sparks from their edges. Their silence is more striking than their flashes, for sudden phenomena are almost invariably attended with some noise ; but these little jewels dart along the dark as softly as butterflies. For their light, it is not nearly so beautiful and poetical as our still companion of the dew, the glowworm with her drop of moonlight."

Here is a sentence or two of strong sense, strongly put, about the drama :

"Say what you will, I am convinced the man who is to awaken the drama must be a bold trampling fellow, no creeper into worm-holes, no reviver even, however good. These reanimations are vampire-cold. Such ghosts as Marlowe, Webster, &c., are better dramatists, better poets, I dare say, than any contemporary of ours ; but they are ghosts ; the worm is in their pages ; and we want to see something that our great-grandfathers did not know. With the greatest reverence for all the antiquities of the drama, I still think that we had better beget than revive ; attempt to give the literature of this age an idiosyncrasy and spirit of its own, and only raise a ghost to gaze on, not to live with. Just now the drama is a haunted ruin."

Horace Walpole never did anything more neatly than this little bit of criticism on Rembrandt and Vandyke :

"There are many wonderfully mysterious heads of his, which look more like evanescent revelations of people that shall be born, than representations of what men have been. They look out at you as if they were going to dive again into their cloudy elements, and as if they could not last an instant. And they are amazingly contrasted with some of Vandyke's clear and real people, who stand and sit about the walls quietly but quite alive—and knowing that they are so, only they choose to be pictures a little longer."

Equally good is this on the peculiarities of the three great people of modern Europe :

"The Frenchman rests his boast on the military glories of *la grande nation*, the German smokes a contemptuous pipe over the philosophical works of his neighbors, but the Englishman will monopolize all honorable feeling, all gentle breeding, all domestic virtue, and, indeed, has ever been the best puritan."

But we must conclude ; repeating at the close of this notice the expressions we employed at its outset, that this book is, on the whole, a melancholy record of the waste of high genius, and of a morbid or overfastidious neglect of very rare and admirable gifts of Nature.

KATE HERKIMER'S TROUBLES.

BY SUSY L.—.

[Concluded from the last number.]

CHAPTER VI.

Kate's Letters continued.

N—, July 16th.

"THANKS, ye dear ones, for the long letters, for the great wisdom and kindness of all you say to me. I see that if one day I am in danger of drying up and flying away, there will not be lacking strong hands to hold me back to the firm land. As for the books, I have only dipped lightly into the preface of one or two; for yesterday was a magnificent pic-nic up in Paradise, and of course my hands have been full of flowers and asparagus for these many days. Rare flowers were sent from Boston, and from several public gardens in the towns around, and from private gardens far and near. They made a beautiful display. I had pleasure in looking upon them, and in seeing so many happy beings around me on all sides; but I found my heart often aching for you. I had no reason to expect Lucien; for he had written to me that he must be engaged at Court. But I often looked away through the trees to see if he were not coming; and when I could not see him, I felt again the pain in my heart, and somehow missed something, or somebody, as I begin to fear I shall always, if you, or Lucien, or some one or more that I dearly love and prize, is not with me. And yet, I presume this will not be. I am a little out of tune in these days. No doubt, as you say, time and a little endeavor on my own part will speedily set all right.

Later.

A strange thing has come to me; a strange letter from cousin Lucien, in which he writes—"Our friend Eerrish has gone to smash. He won't have a red cent left when all is settled:—or, probably he won't. He hardly knows himself yet how he will come out; for they've only within two days stopped payment. It came sudden as an earthquake. Eerrish and his partners knew nothing of it, until the books were shut up and every wheel stopped; and thus it is already demonstrated that their agent is a rascally cheat, or a rascally fool, or a rascally sleepy-head. Eerrish don't pronounce upon him yet. The good fellow keeps his tongue still, his face smooth (albeit sober enough to smite me every time I look into it), and looks pa-

tiently into his affairs. We have been over at the mills all this hot, sweltering day.

Don't expect me to write any more, for I'm fagged to death—and so strained up! Faith! I wish I had all the world and the kingdoms of it in my hands. Wouldn't I move things about right for Eerrish then? He sprained his ankle too, to-day, when he got out of his carriage. This is all puffed up to-night, and as painful as a mad tooth. And hear about Bella Hovers; she has had a headache ever since the news of Eerrish's failure came to her ears. She has a *disarranged* look, altogether; complains pettishly of the heat; of Boxford's being dull; of the house's being dull;—she must go to Salem to-morrow. She don't look at Eerrish; is red and uncomfortable when he is in the room, so one sees that he is remarked in this quarter too. He only smiles quietly at this. He smiles at the rest too, when he sees that I am getting raving distracted about it. But I can see that he feels troubled. I think, my good cousin Kate, that, considering the size of our world, there are altogether too many on it who are troubled and perplexed in one way and another; too many *good* ones like our friend, who deserve more comfort than they ever find here. Eerrish, if any one, deserves to be left to take his peace. So I have been telling him. He kept one hand pressed tight on his sprained ankle, and argued that one's peace is not necessarily taken from one, when one has lost fortune, and the right use of one's ankle. "And Bella Hovers and her fortune, in the bargain," pursued I. "Yes; and Bella Hovers and her fortune, in the bargain," he repeated with a smile, and at the same time a twinge of every nerve with the anguish of that confounded sprain. When this was over a little, he added, that fortune is one thing, soundness of limb another, peace another; the last often let in upon one's heart and whole life, he had no doubt, by just such losses as we were deploring. I hope he isn't going to be reconciled, submissive, and all that; if he is, I shall instinctively "take it for a sign" that he will never get over his trouble, but that he will come to have inflammatory fever, then consumption, and large shining eyes, and the tongue of the angels, and then go triumphantly away from us, from me, from you, and Kate, from us all and this green

world. But I swear this shan't be! I will move heaven and earth first.

Morning.

"No better! If he is not better in a day or two, I will move him over where you are, where he will have no use for his lame ankle, and where he will be out of sight and hearing of his business. I shall talk with the doctor about it when he comes. We shall, at any rate, go over in a few days. Take pains this time, Kate, if you never did before. Let him see that you are no Bella Hovers in any respect. Have color and smiles on your face, if you can. At any rate, have smiles. Have flowers in all the nooks and corners of the house. There is a beautiful welcome in flowers, when they are placed purposely to meet us, whichever way we turn. Have a soft cushion for Eerrish's lame foot. *Can't* you conjure up something softer than those everlasting mahogany and hair-cloth ones of aunt's? Long life to them; but they are not now just the thing for Eerrish.

"Loving remembrances to uncle and aunt,

"From theirs and yours,

"L. HERKIMER."

Poor Eerrish! poor Eerrish!—Let me tell you, Susy, what I think now. I think that his misfortunes will finish the work in me his sober face began. I think I shall love him—that I *do* love him with my whole soul.

I shall leave off writing about it, however, and go and make a cushion of the very softest worsteds and softest cotton to be found in all the town.

Friday, 18th.

Mr. Talbot has been here to-day. He says Eerrish and Lucien will come to-morrow morning; that Eerrish's affairs are as bad as they can be; that Bella Hovers has flown; and that Eerrish has a calm but discouraged look, chiefly on account of his health, at present, he thinks. He says that his physician is afraid of general fever's coming on from the condition of his ankle, which is very bad every night, chiefly, the doctor thinks, from his stirring about more or less through the day. He advises him to put his business into Lucien's hands, and himself to come away from it all over here, where he can have the strengthening sea-breeze and the advice of the skilful Dr. Harris.

His cushion, soft almost as down, and very beautiful besides, waits for him before the velvet chair; for you see this, the most comfortable chair you know in all the lower part of the house, is for him when he is below. Up in the north white room (which is to be his this time, because it is the coolest, pleasantest chamber in the house),

before the great white chair is a plump white cushion, soft as a pillow; delicate and fragrant white flowers, with the dew on them, I shall to-morrow morning put in the vases in this room. I have already run up a pyramid of flowers of all hues for the hall table; have filled the moss vases and moss-covered harps for the porcelain and bronze vases. Ah that you, dearest, could be here to see! Uncle and aunt have astonishment and pride in their beauty. They *say*, as I am every moment *thinking*—"He will like this; it will soothe him after all the heat and anxiety he has undergone."

Bridget calls me. Cad Furbish and Mr. Hall are below. She says I must go down, I suppose. But I wish the gentleman would stay in his own quarters; and I can't imagine why he does not now, since he is in need of no medical system whatever.

Later.

Cad saw the Brown girls passing, and, recollecting that she had an important errand on State street, she hastened to join them, after having bade her cousin wait for her. "Certainly!" he said, all in smiles. But he didn't wait. As soon as Cad disappeared, with all the smiles of parting still on his face, he made up to my part of the sofa, grappled my hand, and made me an offer of himself and his fortune, the latter of which he praised in a few modest but very significant words. He showed such complacency in his 'good prospects,' and had evidently so little need of 'aid and comfort' of any sort, it was an easy thing for me to say—"No" to him. It was not, however, so easy a thing for him to hear, as I hoped. He was taken by surprise. I had always appeared to regard him kindly, he said (You see, Susy, how it is with the men. As I have told you, and you in your great charity would not believe, we cannot 'regard' them at all 'kindly,' that they do not straightway fancy us ready to marry them, or pine with a bruised heart, just as it pleases them.) Did I understand him, he proceeded to inquire. Did I understand that he had loved me all through our acquaintance? that he had waited until now, when he had fortune and such a provision as I deserve, to offer me? Yes; I understood him, I thanked him. But he did not fully understand me. He should have come to me sick, or poor, and in *need* of me, if he would have any chance of acceptance; for the reason that I never could care enough for a perfectly prosperous man to accept him for my husband. I would always be his friend, I added; and, seeing that he was about to remonstrate farther, I rose, to let him see

that I wished the interview cut short; repeating, at the same time, that I will always be his good friend, especially if the time comes when he is unfortunate and particularly in need of friends. I gave him my hand, over which he bowed without speaking, but with an excessively pained look; and the next instant, still without speaking, he was gone. Ever since, my heart has been aching for him. I know he is one to be over it in a day or two; but now, to-night, he suffers. Oh, dear Susy, I wonder if anybody else in the world is so plagued! Good night; I will finish after they come.

Wednesday 23d.

"The sober face! the sick, sober face! Nothing dispels the sober look. He glances over the flowers and shaded rooms with gratefully-beaming eyes. He smiles a little and thanks us, when we attend to him; but directly the sober expression steals on again. He seldom leaves his chair; he has headache easily; so I sit at his side and read to him. He can listen now, making beautiful comments; and let my hand alone, if it comes ever so near him. He seems to think, in these days, that it is nothing to him but the dexterous member that can adjust his cushion better than any other; that with cold water and long-continued brushing and combing, can drive the fever from his brain, when, of an afternoon, it is inclined to settle there. He implores me to stop; to sit awhile and rest; but looks grateful when I refuse; and, at last, quite rid of his fever, falls asleep like a tired child.

The 24th.

"The doctor thinks Eerrish is better to-day. He says that he feels stronger, and the least in the world hungry. The doctor starves him on account of his fever. Lucien comes down from the mills, where he spends his days, every night, but will not when Eerrish becomes a little better. To the end that he may become speedily better, I shall go now and let him have a little of my beneficent presence."

CHAPTER VII.

N—, Aug. 1st.

"Dearest Susy, I forget that, as a spiritual being, a man needs something—something, even if he have already a house-keeper to butter his toast and steep his coffee. So I do Susy dear, as you say. And I think the men themselves are apt to forget it. They look after a wife when the time comes; but it is often (I do not say always—I do not mean always; for I have seen many beautiful unions where the wife was sought and

won in the true spirit of mutual attraction and love)—but it is often as he would take a lottery-ticket, a piece of furniture, or an animal for his carriage. Don't, I beg, fancy that I say that in captiousness; that I am turning into a sour woman and a man-hater, because I am twenty-eight. No, truly! I like all the race, men not less than women, better and better every year that I live here among them. It is, in fact, the growing love, the growing sympathy which makes me increasingly far-visioned. By these I see the error and folly even plainer and plainer; and you know, surely, how they help me not the less promptly to find justifications somewhere, in early wrong education, in false organization, or in the unfriendly conditions with which the ill-portioned tyrant, Society, invests them. So that if I am plagued, I am not thereby growing morose and unforgiving; I am only impatient, or grieved, or both. I only wish that people would go straightforward in the right, sincere, and manly way. —The breakfast bell is jingling, and I am glad of it, for I see I am getting stuck fast. I see that I must in the end say, if I go on, that I only require men to be angels, and to come to me with angel looks and ways. *Au revoir!*"

Evening.

"What do you think happened in the parlor just after breakfast? You must know beforehand that Eerrish is better, so that he eats with lively relish, walks in the garden with his cane on one side and me on the other, and rides every morning with uncle in the chaise, or with us all in the barouche. Well, to-day aunt expects the Johnsons down from Haverhill to spend the day. She could not, therefore, ride; uncle could not, as they announced with regrets at the breakfast table. So the ride for that day was given up; and, after uncle and aunt had gone their ways, Eerrish and I adjourned to the parlor, he to finish the morning papers, and I to finish hemming a handkerchief for aunt. The sky was blue, the air came in clear and glorious. I kept longing to be out in it, and wishing that he would propose going by ourselves in the chaise. No; he looked often up at the sky, at me often, but did not propose the ride; and who do you think did? Ah! one Kate Herkimer, who has always made it her boast that she would never, never ask a gentleman anything but whether he would have more butter, or more bread. Let me tell you how it happened. I looked up from my sewing, and met Eerrish's friendly glance full on my face. I knew not how or why it was, but somehow the glance made my heart beat hard and quick in indescribable comfort.

We both smiled. I wished to say something, and so I said, 'What a good breeze this is that comes in at the window!' 'Yes, and I wish we were to have our ride in it this morning,' replied he. I did not say anything, but kept on hemming my handkerchief, as became one whose fundamental principle it is never to make advances. 'I have been thinking,' added he, after a little pause, 'that I must soon be doing something else besides riding and loitering here at my ease. I suppose I ought to go as early as Monday.' And this is Friday, you see, Susy. It actually set me gasping.

"So soon as that?" said I, ready to weep. For I knew what he was thinking. He was thinking that now he is a poor man, whose part it will be henceforward to 'work—work—work,'—in pain and weakness, as in health and strength; in the pelting rains and in the scorching sun, as in the genial and chosen times. 'Must you go so soon?' I repeated.

"Yes, I think so; I ought to go. But I can't help wishing that we might have one more ride towards the sea."

"He paused, as if for me to say something, and I said, 'Perhaps uncle will go; perhaps he'—I went no further this way, for I saw his countenance fell, and that he was beginning to look his paper over for a new paragraph, as if it was nothing in the world to him if uncle would go. So I mustered courage, and added, quickly—'Or we can go by ourselves in the chaise.' Now the face lightened as I never saw it before. For my own part, I blushed deeply for what I proposed, as I suppose I richly deserved to; and, saying something about going to mention it to uncle, I disappeared."

"The bright look still brightened when I returned, and neither had the blush wholly passed from my own face. My cheeks were still burning. But he busied himself folding his paper, and without looking directly at me, said, 'Well, Kate!'

"The chaise will be round in fifteen minutes; we mustn't make John wait," said I, glad to be busy gathering my sewing. But I was stupid altogether; I could nowhere find my thimble. Eerrish was obliged to come limping round to help me; he found it at last where I had laid it among the books on the table. Next my needle was missing; it had slipped from the thread on my throwing my work away to go and speak with uncle about the chaise. This must be found, lest it should, in the course of the day, be thrusting its point into the plump hands of the Johnson youngsters. Eerrish must come again and help me, which he did, joking me meanwhile, so that I was utterly confounded,

and glad to be at last on my way out of the room. He bade me as I went to keep up the expedition with which I had begun my preparations, since we were not to make John wait. I thought he was downright vicious.

Well, we had a good ride; but I couldn't quite forget that it was I that had proposed it, until after Eerrish had turned the horse's head towards the town, I looked into his face, and saw that the sober look was fast settling there. He soon began to talk again of going home. 'I call it home,' said he; 'but it is no home to me; it never can be after this.'

"I could not reply, and we rode along some time in silence, I ready every moment to weep, he with the old sober face."

"One thing I must say to you, Kate, whatever else I have unsaid," continued he at length, in an agitated voice, 'you are the dearest, best nurse—there never was a dearer nurse! It makes me regret being well again going away from you.'

"And I, how can I live a day without the cares that have grown so dear to me, thought I. But I did not speak. I only wiped the tears in silence, as I looked away to the broad river."

"He resumed the subject at night, after the Johnsons had gone—after uncle and aunt had retired to their room."

"Stay longer," begged I with a choking voice; 'I know you are not able to go; you will go into your trying business again, and be sick in a day. Stay here one more week.'

"He shook his head. 'No, it is best for me to go; I must be busy, for I have now, at thirty-five, to begin my work anew, as it were.'

"But, you mustn't begin now, weak as you are, to work with the idea that you have a world to make. One can live without a fortune; and"—

"I want a home. I think of it every moment. I long unspeakably for a home for myself, and for a dearer than myself—a good, intelligent, dear nurse and companion, like yourself, Kate, just like yourself." He took my hand and pressed it ardently to his lips, again and again.

"There is no need of hurry on this account either," said I, after a pause. 'If you are sick, or tired, or in want of a friend any time, you can come here. I shall not go to Uncle Joshua's to stay any more; I shall be right here. Uncle, and aunt, and I have talked I over lately; and we have concluded that it shall be here until I go to the other long home.'

"If, let me ask you, Kate dear," drawing

me close to himself, 'if sometime I become strong and sound of body and limb, if I can make a house for you, a home of plenty and comfort, then will you come to me and be my constant companion—my wife?'

"I would not come then so readily as now, when you are half sick, and in need of some one to be a nurse and a comfort to you." He held me to his heart, and in the dearest voice called me 'his beloved—his own beloved Kate; his nurse, wife, everything that was precious to him.'

"We were two happy mortals in those hours, Susy. I doubt if even you and your Dr. Thorne were ever happier than we were in those hours of mutual understanding and full confidence.

"He never saw that harebrained letter of mine. He was out, he says, when Mr. Cabot called for the books, and the letter must still be among them. I must have thought him a stupid fellow, he suggested; and I admitted that I did think him unmitigably stupid and troublesome. He came over that time, he says, meaning to make proposals for my hand, but was deterred by seeing my aversion to him.

"But the morning will dawn while I am saying these things that might be as well said at another time; or, as I suppose, left unsaid. Only they make me so happy, I am so grateful to be telling them to you who are so kind and dear to me! And I can't sleep. I don't think that Eerrish sleeps, for I lately heard him open a blind. He ought to be sleeping; he will be sick to-morrow. I am thinking that I shall be glad when I have him wholly in my care; and can know at all times how it fares with him.

"Thine, dear Susy,

"KATE HERKIMER."

CHAPTER VIII.

N—, August 14th.

"Thanks for the long letter. Only tell your husband that there is no fear; that if Eerrish did 'gain my heart through the merits of his sober face, his lame ankle, and his losses,' it is his nevertheless. If he smiles all the rest of his life, and thrives abundantly every way, the day cannot come in which he will not be dearer to me, ten thousand times, than my own life. What do you think he said yesterday, that came very near upsetting my long-cherished self-complacency? Why, that he does not need me now, or want me any more for many a month; only—only he *does* love me better for having had me about him so much, when

he was sick—considerably better. But he has a long time needed me and wanted me near him. You see that he also estimates himself spiritually. I find that he has your husband's beautiful philosophy, and I suppose it is this that makes him so much an angel."

Evening.

"Eerrish has been over to-day; he comes almost every day; and every day I see that he grows happier and stronger.

"Uncle and aunt consented with quivering lips to give me to him. They had thought a long time, they said, that this would happen; they had been, in a way, prepared for it, and they could more willingly see me united to him than to any other living man. I cried all the time that they talked; for it cuts me to the heart leaving them in their old age. Perhaps I shall not leave them; perhaps Eerrish will move his office to this place, for the sake of being still near them, and for the sake also of the superior privileges one has here. If this might happen, my heart would be without a wish—save this, seeing you. I want your husband to see more of Eerrish. Ah, I assure you he is a glorious man now in his era. And he loves me so well! and I him! 'Mine—mine!' he says in the midst of our housekeeping plans. I kiss him back and say exultingly—'And thou mine!'

"His affairs are not so bad as they might be. There will be a few hundreds left, and it is chiefly owing to cousin Lucien's energy, Eerrish says. The good fellow has been working himself to the bone almost, and has not stopped to joke, or sing, or dance since the news of the failure came out. To-morrow he will come with Eerrish, and drink his tea with us, and spend the night."

Saturday, 16th.

"Now I will finish this letter, and then I must have less to do with the pen for a time; there is so much else for me to be doing!

"All is settled, and give me joy, Susy! for we are to live right here in this old house, with the dear old uncle and aunt. We have all been so happy over this arrangement that tears have been in our eyes, and we have joined hands, the wild good Lucien and all, as if we were glad children.

"Now what think I see as I look forward into the coming years? Yourself, dear, moving leisurely through these rooms at my side; your husband sitting and talking philosophically with mine ('mine'—how like a dream this seems, that he is so soon to be 'mine!') And, in my vision, the little India rubber thing goes bounding to one, to an-

other, through the doors and along the hall, while the dear, dear old uncle and aunt, to whom I owe so much, too deaf to hear all that passes, yet sit and look smilingly on, thanking heaven for the happiness of their children. And Lucien—Lucien shall not be forgotten, for wild and untowardly thoughtless although he is, I see it more and more

that he has a gentle, true heart; that there comes on for him a strong, flourishing manhood.

I will write when our plans are farther matured, when the day is fixed—till then and ever.

"I am thine,
"KATE."

THOUGHTS.

THE summer days are passing, and the last
sweet southern breeze
Keeps rocking, rocking mournfully the leafless
forest trees,
And sighing in night-time, through the midnight
wild and dread,
And mourning as a mother round the cradle of
her dead.
The curtains white within the dusk like spirits
seem to me,
Now stealing 'round the window sill so wild
and fitfully,
Now mounting to the ceiling high; then falling
as the breeze
Floats out again to sing his dirge among the
dark old trees.

My thoughts are off! I will not check their cur-
rent, sweet and wild,
Once more I'm in my mountains blue where first
I wept and smiled.
No longer in my sadness for the long lost hours
I pine,
My mother's orbs so tenderly are looking into
mine.
I'm sobbing on her bosom in the solemn sum-
mer ev'n,
As she tells me that her spirit pines to wing its
way to heaven.
And she's talking still so pleasantly far in the
silent night,
Until those midnight hours at last have melted
into light.
I wake! she's gone! the tears are warm upon
my pillow soft,
The winds are loudly shrieking in the leafless
boughs aloft.
Where is the hand I thought had smoothed so
lovingly each tress,
Alas, 'twas but the playful wind that gave the
sweet caress.
Where are those orbs so sorrowful that watched
me day by day?
Ah, autumn winds, wild autumn, can ye not
cease and say?
Those eyes gone! for ever gone! and I must
dreaming be,
For only two soft twilight stars are looking
down at me.

Ah, autumn winds, wild autumn winds, in pity
cease your song,
Ye course the vistas of the past with faces lost
to throng,
Your notes are sometimes pleasant, yet they
give the spirit pain,
You'll break my heart if thus you sigh the live-
long night again.
And midnight star which looks on me, ye need
no vigils keep,
I'd rather *not* such silent eyes should watch
me in my sleep,
And I must banish these wild thoughts;—be-
hold the dawning day,
Sleep, blessed sleep, oh, come to me! Spectres
of night away!

MELODIA.

COLUMBIA, Tenn.

WILD FLOWERS.

Gathered in the Cemetery near Pittsburgh, Pa.

BY M. L. CHURCHILL.

BRIGHT buds, that bloomed in beauty o'er the
dead,
In that fair spot where I so lately trod;
While the bright morning, o'er the wide hills
sped,
And sunbeams brought to earth the smile of
God;
When rustling winds among the forests
breathed,
And dews still bent the freshly springing grass,
When verdure on the brow of earth was
wreathed,
And blossoms rose where angels' feet did pass.
Of all *this* speak your voices to my heart!
But still another tone with these doth blend;
Ye bloomed in beauty, but were yourselves a
part
Of blossoms scattered o'er the silent dead.
Thus blossoms link the chain of life and
death!
Thus Beauty walks with ashes on her head!
And oft we breathe the flower-perfumed breath,
Whilst on the grave of former joys we tread.

May 27th, 1850.

MOBY DICK; OR, THE WHALE.

BY HERMAN MELVILLE.

EVERY reader throughout the United States has probably perused in the newspapers the account of a recent incident in the whale fishery which would stagger the mind by its extent of the marvellous, were it not paralleled by a well known case—that of the *Essex* of Nantucket, still authenticated by living witnesses. It appears from a narrative published in the *Panama Herald* (an American newspaper in that region, itself one of the wonders of the age!), taken down from the lips of the captain of the vessel, John S. Deblois, that the ship *Ann Alexander*, of New Bedford, having left that port in June of last year with the usual vicissitudes of Cape Horn service, losing a New Hampshire man overboard in a storm at that point, had entered upon her Pacific hunting-grounds, and in the recent month of August was coursing within a few degrees of the Equator—a well known haunt of the whale. On the 20th of that month, nine in the morning, fish were discovered; two boats were lowered in pursuit, and by mid-day a particular sperm whale was struck and fast to the line. The first mate commanded the boat, thus far successful, and the Captain himself the other. After running some time, in the words of the narrative, the whale turned upon the boat to which he was attached, and rushing at it with tremendous violence, lifted open its enormous jaws, and taking the boat in, actually crushed it to fragments as small as a common-sized chair. Captain Deblois struck for the spot, and rescued the nine members of the boat's crew—a feat, we presume, which could only be accomplished among men hardy, resolute, and full of vitality as whalers, strung at the moment by excitement to almost super-human energy and superiority to the elements. The Captain, with his double boat's crew, proceeded to the ship, some six miles off. There the waist-boat was fitted out, the men divided, and both parties went again in pursuit of the whale, the mate again taking the lead. The whale perceived the coming renewal of the attack, made for the boat, crushed it with his jaw, the men again throwing themselves into the deep. The Captain once more rescuing them, was himself pursued by the whale, which passed the boat with distended jaw; but they reached the

ship in safety. A boat was sent for the oars of the broken vessels floating on the water, which were secured. Sail was set on the ship, and it was determined to proceed after the whale. He was overtaken, and a lance thrown into his head! The ship passed on, when it was immediately discovered that the whale was in pursuit. The ship manœuvred out of his way. *After he had fairly passed they kept off to overtake and attack him again.* The whale settled down deep below the surface. It was then near sundown. Capt. Deblois, continues the account, was at this time standing on the knight-heads on the larboard bow, with shaft in hand, ready to strike the monster a deadly blow should he appear, the ship moving about five knots, when looking over the side of the ship he discerned the whale rushing towards her at the rate of fifteen knots. In an instant the monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from stem to stern. She quivered under the violence of the shock as if she had struck upon a rock. Captain Deblois descending to the fore-castle, discovered that *the whale had struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom.* The ship was sinking rapidly. All hands were ordered into the boats, the captain leaving the deck last, throwing himself into the sea, and swimming to his comrades. That night was passed in the boats, with but twelve quarts of water saved, and no provisions for twenty-two men. In the morning the ship still lay on her beam-ends. Not a man would board her to cut away the masts, right the vessel, and procure provisions—fearing her sinking instantly—except the captain, who undertook the work with a single hatchet, and succeeded in getting the ship nearly on her keel. Nothing could be procured by cutting through the decks but some vinegar and a small quantity of wet bread, with which they abandoned the dangerous vessel. At the close of the next day they hailed the ship *Nantucket* of Nantucket, and were welcomed by its Captain, Gibbs, with the utmost hospitality. They were landed at Paita, where an authenticated protest of this extraordinary series of occurrences was made before the United States Consul.

By a singular coincidence this extreme adventure is, even to very many of the details, the catastrophe of Mr. Melville's new book, which is a natural-historical, philosophical, romantic account of the person, habits, manners, ideas of the great sperm whale; of his haunts and of his belongings; of his associations with the world of the deep, and of the not less remarkable individuals and combinations of individuals who hunt him on the oceans. Nothing like it has ever before been written of the whale; for no man who has at once seen so much of the actual conflict, and weighed so carefully all that has been recorded on the subject, with equal powers of perception and reflection, has attempted to write at all on it—the labors of Scoresby covering a different and inferior branch of the history. To the popular mind this book of Herman Melville, touching the Leviathan of the deep, is as much of a discovery in Natural History as was the revelation of America by Christopher Columbus in geography. Let any one read this book with the attention which it deserves, and then converse with the best informed of his friends and acquaintances who have not seen it, and he will notice the extent and variety of treatment; while scientific men must admit the original observation and speculation.

Such an infuriated, resolute sperm whale as pursued and destroyed the Ann Alexander is the hero, Moby Dick, of Mr. Melville's book. The vengeance with which he is hunted, which with Capt. Deblois was the incident of a single, though most memorable day, is the leading passion and idea of Captain Ahab of the Pequod for years, and throughout the seas of the world. Incidentally with this melo-dramatic action and spiritual development of the character of Ahab, is included a full, minute, thorough investigation, and description of the whale and its fishery. Such is a short-hand account of this bulky and multifarious volume.

It opens, after a dedication to Nathaniel Hawthorne, with a preliminary flourish in the style of Carlyle and the "Doctor" of etymology, followed by a hundred or so of extracts of "Old Burton," passages of a quaint and pithy character from Job and King Alfred to Miriam Coffin; in lieu of the old style of Scott, Cooper, and others, of distributing such flourishes about the heads of chapters. Here they are all in a lump, like the grace over the Franklin barrel of pork, and may be taken as a kind of bitters, a whet and fillip to the imagination, exciting it to the curious, ludicrous, sublime traits and contemplations which are to follow.

It is some time after opening with Chapter I. before we get fairly afloat, but the time is very satisfactorily occupied with some very strange, romantic, and, withal, highly humorous adventures at New Bedford and Nantucket. A scene at the Spouffer Inn, of the former town, a night in bed with a Pacific Islander, and a mid-ocean adventure subsequently with a Frenchman over some dead whales in the Pacific, treat the reader to a laugh worthy of Smollet. We might perhaps as well introduce this at once. The Pequod, the ship in which the reader embarks from Nantucket, one day meets a French whaler under peculiar circumstances, in a calm, with two carcasses of whales secured to her, which the unadventurous crew had picked up, dead waifs of previous conflicts on the ocean. The Mate, Stubb, had boarded this vessel seeking information for Capt. Ahab, of Moby Dick, and returns to circumvent the ambergris, a product found in the diseased animal.

THE ROSE-BUD.

"By this time the faint air had become a complete calm; so that whether or no, the Pequod was now fairly entrapped in the smell, with no hope of escaping except by its breezing up again. Issuing from the cabin, Stubb now called his boat's crew, and pulled off for the stranger. Drawing across her bow, he perceived that in accordance with the fanciful French taste, the upper part of her stem-piece was carved in the likeness of a huge drooping stalk, was painted green, and for thorns had copper spikes projecting from it here and there; the whole terminating in a symmetrical folded bulb of a bright red color. Upon her head boards, in large gilt letters, he read 'Bouton de Rose'—Rose-button, or Rose-bud; and this was the romantic name of this aromatic ship.

"Though Stubb did not understand the *Bouton* part of the inscription, yet the word *rose*, and the bulbous figure-head put together, sufficiently explained the whole to him.

"A wooden rose-bud, eh?" he cried with his hand to his nose, "that will do very well; but how like all creation it smells!"

"Now in order to hold direct communication with the people on deck, he had to pull round the bows to the starboard side, and thus come close to the blasted whale; and so talk over it.

"Arrived then at this spot, with one hand still to his nose, he bawled—'Bouton-de-Rose, ahoy! are there any of you Bouton-de-Roses that speak English?"

"Yes," rejoined a Guernsey-man from the bulwarks, who turned out to be the chief mate.

"Well, then, my Bouton-de-Rose-bud, have you seen the White Whale?"

"What whale?"

"The White Whale—a Sperm Whale—Moby Dick, have ye seen him?"

"Never heard of such a whale. Cachalot Blanche! White Whale—no."

"Very good, then; good bye now, and I'll call again in a minute."

"Then rapidly pulling back towards the Pequod, and seeing Ahab leaning over the quarter-deck rail awaiting his report, he moulded his two hands into a trumpet and shouted—'No, Sir! No!' Upon which Ahab retired, and Stubb returned to the Frenchman."

"He now perceived that the Guernsey-man, who had just got into the chains, and was using a cutting-spade, had slung his nose in a sort of bag."

"What's the matter with your nose, there?" said Stubb. "Broke it?"

"I wish it was broken, or that I didn't have any nose at all!" answered the Guernsey-man, who did not seem to relish the job he was at very much. "But what are you holding yours for?"

"Oh, nothing! It's a wax nose; I have to hold it on. Fine day, aint it? Air rather gardenny, I should say; throw us a bunch of roses, will ye, Bouton-de-Rose?"

"What in the devil's name do you want here?" roared the Guernsey-man, flying into a sudden passion.

"Oh! keep cool—cool? yes, that's the word; why don't you pack those whales in ice while you're working at 'em? But joking aside, though; do you know, Rose-bud, that it's all nonsense trying to get any oil out of such whales? As for that dried up one, there, he hasn't a gill in his whole carcase."

"I know that well enough; but, d'ye see, the Captain here won't believe it; this is his first voyage; he was a Cologne manufacturer before. But come aboard, and mayhap he'll believe you, if he won't me; and so I'll get out of this dirty scrape."

"Anything to oblige ye, my sweet and pleasant fellow," rejoined Stubb, and with that he soon mounted to the deck. There a queer scene presented itself. The sailors, in tasselled caps of red worsted, were getting the heavy tackles in readiness for the whales. But they worked rather slow and talked very fast, and seemed in anything but a good humor. All their noses upwardly projected from their faces like so many jib-booms. Now and then pairs of them would drop their work, and run up to the mast-head to get some fresh air. Some thinking they would catch the plague, dipped oakum in coal-tar, and at intervals held it to their nostrils. Others having broken the stems of their pipes almost short off at the bowl, were vigorously puffing tobacco-smoke, so that it constantly filled their olfactories.

"Stubb was struck by a shower of outcries and anathemas proceeding from the Captain's round-house abaft; and looking in that direction saw a fiery face thrust from behind the door, which was held ajar from within. This was the tormented surgeon, who, after in vain remonstrating against the proceedings of the day, had

betaken himself to the Captain's round-house (*cabinet* he called it) to avoid the pest; but still could not help yelling out his entreaties and indignations at times."

And this is the rest of the joke:—

"Marking all this, Stubb argued well for his scheme, and turning to the Guernsey-man had a little chat with him, during which the stranger mate expressed his detestation of his Captain as a conceited ignoramus, who had brought them all into so unsavory and unprofitable a pickle. Sounding him carefully, Stubb further perceived that the Guernsey-man had not the slightest suspicion concerning the ambergris. He therefore held his peace on that head, but otherwise was quite frank and confidential with him, so that the two quickly concocted a little plan for both circumventing and satirizing the Captain, without his at all dreaming of distrusting their sincerity. According to this little plan of theirs, the Guernsey-man, under cover of an interpreter's office, was to tell the Captain what he pleased, but as coming from Stubb; and as for Stubb, he was to utter any nonsense that should come uppermost in him during the interview."

"By this time their destined victim appeared from his cabin. He was a small and dark, but rather a delicate-looking man for a sea-captain, with large whiskers and moustache, however; and wore a red cotton velvet vest with watch-seals at his side. To this gentleman Stubb was now politely introduced by the Guernsey-man, who at once ostentatiously put on the aspect of interpreting between them."

"What shall I say to him first?" said he.

"Why," said Stubb, eyeing the velvet vest and the watch and seals, "you may as well begin by telling him that he looks a sort of babyish to me, though I don't pretend to be a judge."

"He says, Monsieur," said the Guernsey-man, in French, turning to his captain, "that only yesterday his ship spoke a vessel, whose captain and chief mate, with six sailors, had all died of a fever caught from a blasted whale they had brought alongside."

"Upon this the captain started, and eagerly desired to know more."

"What now?" said the Guernsey-man to Stubb.

"Why, since he takes it so easy, tell him that now I have eyed him carefully, I'm quite certain that he's no more fit to command a whale-ship than a St. Jago monkey. In fact, tell him from me he's a baboon."

"He vows and declares, Monsieur, that the other whale, the dried one, is far more deadly than the blasted one; in fine, Monsieur, he conjures us, as we value our lives, to cut loose from these fish."

"Instantly the captain ran forward, and in a loud voice commanded his crew to desist from hoisting the cutting-tackles, and at once cast loose the cables and chains confining the whales to the ship."

"What now?" said the Guernsey-man, when the captain had returned to them.

"Why, let me see; yes, you may as well tell him now that—that—in fact, tell him I've diddled him, and (aside to himself) perhaps somebody else."

"He says, Monsieur, that he's very happy to have been of any service to us."

"Hearing this, the captain vowed that they were the grateful parties (meaning himself and mate) and concluded by inviting Stubb down into his cabin to drink a bottle of Bordeaux."

"He wants you to take a glass of wine with him," said the interpreter.

"Thank him, heartily; but tell him it's against my principles to drink with the man I've diddled. In fact, tell him I must go."

"He says, Monsieur, that his principles won't admit of his drinking; but that if Monsieur wants to live another day to drink, then Monsieur had best drop all four boats, and pull the ship away from these whales, for it's so calm they won't drift."

Something more earnest is this, one of several

DEATH SCENES OF THE WHALE.

"But the monster's run was a brief one. Giving a sudden gasp, he tumultuously sounded. With a grating rush, the three lines flew round the loggerheads with such a force as to gouge deep grooves in them; while so fearful were the harpooners that this rapid sounding would soon exhaust the lines, that using all their dexterous might, they caught repeated smoking turns with the rope to hold on; till at last—owing to the perpendicular strain from the lead-lined chocks of the boats, whence the three ropes went straight down into the blue—the gunwales of the bows were almost even with the water, while the three sterns tilted high in the air. And the whale soon ceasing to sound, for some time they remained in that attitude, fearful of expending more line, though the position was a little ticklish. But though boats have been taken down and lost in this way, yet it is this 'holding on,' as it is called—this hooking up by the sharp barbs of his live flesh from the back—this it is that often torments the Leviathan into soon rising again to meet the sharp lance of his foes. Yet not to speak of the peril of the thing, it is to be doubted whether this course is always the best; for it is but reasonable to presume, that the longer the stricken whale stays under water, the more he is exhausted. Because, owing to the enormous surface of him—in a full grown sperm whale something less than 2000 square feet—the pressure of the water is immense. We all know what an astonishing atmospheric weight we ourselves stand up under; even here, above-ground, in the air; how vast, then, the burden of a whale, bearing on his back a column of two hundred fathoms of ocean! It must at least equal the weight of fifty atmospheres. One whaleman has estimated it at the weight of twenty line-of-battle ships,

with all their guns, and stores, and men on board.

"As the three boats lay there on that gently rolling sea, gazing down into its eternal blue noon; and as not a single groan or cry of any sort, nay, not so much as a ripple or a bubble came up from its depths; what landsman would have thought, that beneath all that silence and placidity, the utmost monster of the seas was writhing and wrenching in agony! Not eight inches of perpendicular rope were visible at the bows. Seems it credible that by three such thin threads the great Leviathan was suspended like the big weight to an eight-day clock. Suspended? and to what? To three bits of board. Is this the creature of whom it was once so triumphantly said—'Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons; or his head with fish-spears? The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold, the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon: he esteemeth iron as straw; the arrow cannot make him flee; darts are counted as stubble; he laugheth at the shaking of a spear!' This the creature? this he? Oh! that unfulfillments should follow the prophets. For with the strength of a thousand thighs in his tail, Leviathan had run his head under the mountains of the sea, to hide him from the Pequod's fish-spears!"

"In that sloping afternoon sunlight, the shadows that the three boats sent down beneath the surface must have been long enough and broad enough to shade half Xerxes's army. Who can tell how appalling to the wounded whale must have been such huge phantoms flitting over his head!"

"Stand by, men; he stirs," cried Starbuck, as the three lines suddenly vibrated in the water, distinctly conducting upwards to them, as by magnetic wires, the life and death throbs of the whale, so that every oarsman felt them in his seat. The next moment, relieved in great part from the downward strain at the bows, the boats gave a sudden bounce upwards, as a small ice-field will, when a dense herd of white bears are scared from it into the sea.

"Haul in! Haul in!" cried Starbuck again; 'he's rising.'

"The lines, of which, hardly an instant before, not one hand's breadth could have been gained, were now in long quick coils flung back all dripping into the boats, and soon the whale broke water within two ship's lengths of the hunters."

"His motions plainly denoted his extreme exhaustion. In most land animals there are certain valves or floodgates in many of their veins, whereby when wounded, the blood is in some degree at least instantly shut off in certain directions. Not so with the whale; one of whose peculiarities it is, to have an entire non-valvular structure of the blood-vessels, so that when pierced even by so small a point as a harpoon, a deadly drain is at once begun upon his whole arterial system; and when this is heightened by the extraordinary pressure of water at a

great distance below the surface, his life may be said to pour from him in incessant streams. Yet so vast is the quantity of blood in him, and so distant and numerous its interior fountains, that he will keep thus bleeding and bleeding for a considerable period; even as in a drought a river will flow, whose source is in the well-springs of far-off and undiscernible hills. Even now, when the boats pulled upon this whale, and perilously drew over his swaying flukes, and the lances were darted into him, they were followed by steady jets from the new made wound, which kept continually playing, while the natural spout-hole in his head was only at intervals, however rapid, sending its affrighted moisture into the air. From this last vent no blood yet came, because no vital part of him had thus far been struck. His life, as they significantly call it, was untouched.

"As the boats now more closely surrounded him, the whole upper part of his form, with much of it that is ordinarily submerged, was plainly revealed. His eyes, or rather the places where his eyes had been, were beheld. As strange misgrown masses gather in the knot-holes of the noblest oaks when prostrate, so from the points which the whale's eyes had once occupied, now protruded blind bulbs, horribly pitiable to see. But pity there was none. For all his old age, and his one arm, and his blind eyes, he must die the death and be murdered, in order to light the gay bridals and other merry-makings of men, and also to illuminate the solemn churches that preach unconditional inoffensiveness by all to all. Still rolling in his blood, at last he partially disclosed a strangely discolored bunch or protuberance, the size of a bushel, low down on the flank.

"A nice spot," cried Flask; "just let me prick him there once."

"Avast!" cried Starbuck, "there's no need of that!"

"But humane Starbuck was too late. At the instant of the dart an ulcerous jet shot from this cruel wound, and goaded by it into more than sufferable anguish, the whale now spouting thick blood, with swift fury blindly darted at the craft, bespattering them and their glorying crews all over with showers of gore, capsizing Flask's boat and marring the bows. It was his death-stroke. For, by this time, so spent was he by loss of blood, that he helplessly rolled away from the wreck he had made; lay panting on his side, impotently flapped with his stumped fin, then over and over slowly revolved like a waning world; turned up the white secrets of his belly; lay like a log, and died. It was most piteous, that last expiring spout. As when by unseen hands the water is gradually drawn off from some mighty fountain, and with half-stifled melancholy gurglings the spray-column lowers and lowers to the ground—so the last long dying spout of the whale."

This is no everyday writing, and in Herman Melville's best manner.

A difficulty in the estimate of this, in common with one or two other of Mr. Melville's books, occurs from the double character under which they present themselves. In one light they are romantic fictions, in another statements of absolute fact. When to this is added that the romance is made a vehicle of opinion and satire through a more or less opaque allegorical veil, as particularly in the latter half of *Mardi*, and to some extent in this present volume, the critical difficulty is considerably thickened. It becomes quite impossible to submit such books to a distinct classification as fact, fiction, or essay. Something of a parallel may be found in Jean Paul's German tales, with an admixture of Southey's *Doctor*. Under these combined influences of personal observation, actual fidelity to local truthfulness in description, a taste for reading and sentiment, a fondness for fanciful analogies, near and remote, a rash daring in speculation, reckless at times of taste and propriety, again refined and eloquent, this volume of *Moby Dick* may be pronounced a most remarkable sea-dish—an intellectual chowder of romance, philosophy, natural history, fine writing, good feeling, bad sayings—but over which, in spite of all uncertainties, and in spite of the author himself, predominates his keen perceptive faculties, exhibited in vivid narration.

There are evidently two if not three books in *Moby Dick* rolled into one. Book No. I. we could describe as a thorough exhaustive account admirably given of the great Sperm Whale. The information is minute, brilliantly illustrated, as it should be—the whale himself so generously illuminating the midnight page on which his memoirs are written—has its level passages, its humorous touches, its quaint suggestion, its incident usually picturesque and occasionally sublime. All this is given in the most delightful manner in "The Whale." Book No. 2 is the romance of Captain Ahab, Queequeg, Tashtego, Pip & Co., who are more or less spiritual personages talking and acting differently from the general business run of the conversation on the decks of whalers. They are for the most part very serious people, and seem to be concerned a great deal about the problem of the universe. They are striking characters withal, of the romantic spiritual cast of the German drama; realities of some kinds at bottom, but veiled in all sorts of poetical incidents and expressions. As a bit of German melodrama, with Captain Ahab for the Faust of the quarter-deck, and Queequeg with the crew, for Walpurgis night revellers in the fore-castle, it has its strong points, though here the limits as to space

and treatment of the stage would improve it. Moby Dick in this view becomes a sort of fishy moralist, a leviathan metaphysician, a folio Ductor Dubitantium, in fact, in the fresh water illustration of Mrs. Malaprop, "an allegory on the banks of the Nile." After pursuing him in this melancholic company over a few hundred squares of latitude and longitude, we begin to have some faint idea of the association of whaling and lamentation, and why blubber is popularly synonymous with tears.

The intense Captain Ahab is too long drawn out; something more of *him* might, we think, be left to the reader's imagination. The value of this kind of writing can only be through the personal consciousness of the reader, what he brings to the book; and all this is sufficiently evoked by a dramatic trait or suggestion. If we had as much of Hamlet or Macbeth as Mr. Melville gives us of Ahab, we should be tired even of their sublime company. Yet Captain Ahab is a striking conception, firmly planted on the wild deck of the Pequod—a dark disturbed soul arraying itself with every ingenuity of material resources for a conflict at once natural and supernatural in his eye, with the most dangerous extant physical monster of the earth, embodying, in strongly drawn lines of mental association, the vaster moral evil of the world. The pursuit of the White Whale thus interweaves with the literal perils of the fishery—a problem of fate and destiny—to the tragic solution of which Ahab hurries on, amidst the wild stage scenery of the ocean. To this end the motley crew, the air, the sky, the sea, its inhabitants are idealized throughout. It is a noble and praiseworthy conception; and though our sympathies may not always accord with the train of thought, we would caution the reader against a light or hasty condemnation of this part of the work.

Book III., appropriating perhaps a fourth of the volume, is a vein of moralizing, half essay, half rhapsody, in which much refinement and subtlety, and no little poetical feeling, are mingled with quaint conceit and extravagant daring speculation. This is to be taken as in some sense dramatic; the narrator throughout among the personages of the Pequod being one Ishmael, whose wit may be allowed to be against everything on land, as his hand is against everything at sea. This piratical running down of creeds and opinions, the conceited indifferentism of Emerson, or the run-a-muck style of Carlyle is, we will not say dangerous in such cases, for there are various forces at work to meet more powerful onslaught, but it is out of place and uncomfortable. We do not like

to see what, under any view, must be to the world the most sacred associations of life violated and defaced.

We call for fair play in this matter. Here is Ishmael, telling the story of this volume, going down on his knees with a cannibal to a piece of wood, in the second story fire-place of a New-Bedford tavern, in the spirit of amiable and transcendent charity, which may be all very well in its way; but why dislodge from heaven, with contumely, "long-pampered Gabriel, Michael and Raphael." Surely Ishmael, who is a scholar, might have spoken respectfully of the Archangel Gabriel, out of consideration, if not for the Bible (which might be asking too much of the school), at least for one John Milton, who wrote Paradise Lost.

Nor is it fair to inveigh against the terrors of priestcraft, which, skilful though it may be in making up its woes, at least seeks to provide a remedy for the evils of the world, and attribute the existence of conscience to "hereditary dyspepsias, nurtured by Ramadans"—and at the same time go about petrifying us with imaginary horrors, and all sorts of gloomy suggestions, all the world through. It is a curious fact that there are no more bilious people in the world, more completely filled with megrims and head shakings, than some of these very people who are constantly inveighing against the religious melancholy of priestcraft.

So much for the consistency of Ishmael—who, if it is the author's object to exhibit the painful contradictions of this self-dependent, self-torturing agency of a mind driven hither and thither as a flame in a whirlwind, is, in a degree, a successful embodiment of opinions, without securing from us, however, much admiration for the result.

With this we make an end of what we have been reluctantly compelled to object to this volume. With far greater pleasure, we acknowledge the acuteness of observation, the freshness of perception, with which the author brings home to us from the deep, "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," the weird influences of his ocean scenes, the salient imagination which connects them with the past and distant, the world of books and the life of experience—certain prevalent traits of manly sentiment. These are strong powers with which Mr. Melville wrestles in this book. It would be a great glory to subdue them to the highest uses of fiction. It is still a great honor, among the crowd of successful mediocrities which throng our publishers' counters, and know nothing of divine impulses, to be in the company of these nobler spirits on any terms.

THE BOOK OF HOME BEAUTY.

THE *Magnum Opus* of the Christmas gift books of the winter, the long expected and much talked-of tome, which has already formed no inconsiderable item of evening chit-chat, and furnished the material for a *pièce de circonstance* at the theatre, is now on the booksellers' tables, where you may any day see taper fingers turning over its crisp pages, and bright eyes glancing critically at its elegant illustrations.

Speculation has been as rife over the letter-press of this volume as over its portraits. Would it be biographical, or in any way personal? It was certainly a material for delicate handling. Mrs. Kirkland has cut the knot, by saying not a word touching the peculiar subject or subjects of the volume. In place thereof, she has given us a continuous work, which we cannot better describe than by saying it is a sort of modern Decameron. A party of ladies and gentlemen, old and young, married and single, come to the wise determination, in spring time, of not being drawn, for the coming summer at least, into the well nigh resistless current, Saratoga and Newport-ward. They agree to pass the warm season in rational ruralizing, as far as possible from Herald letter writers, Brass bands (musical and social), and Fancy balls. With this view, a secluded country village is selected, in one of those delightful regions where the beauties of woodland and hillock combine with the sublimities of ocean, rich vegetation spreading as a carpet, near to, if not over, the sandy pavement of the sea beach. A country farm-house is selected, with a dame of tried culinary powers, and these preliminaries pleasantly provided for, down come the city people aforesaid.

So shrewd an observer as the author, does not let them pass without sketching each most happily and vividly for us. With the exception of an ethereal, absolute perfection young lady, the ladies and gentlemen of the party are good flesh and blood people of the genial class. The delights of "dipping," walking, riding, berrying, botanizing, pic-nicking, and eating John Bunceian bread and butter (reader, if you have read Amory's choice novel, you will pardon us for coining the adjective, and if you have not, you will thank us all the more after following up the acquaintanceship we here introduce you to),

all this loses something of its zest, the party, though not of the high pressure, pleasure-hunting class, understand matters too well not to avoid "letting the thing drag," and the good time-honored device of the Decameron, or if you like a more orthodox example, of the "Lady of the Manor," is adopted. The plan, however, of the story-telling is varied, and with very happy effect. Instead of each of the circle telling a story in turn, each one writes a chapter of a continuous tale, the thing being started by the Admirable Crichton young lady to whom we have already referred, and followed up by each writing a chapter, taking up and carrying on the story where it has been left by his or her predecessor. This story is one of modern fashionable life, and also of private wedded happiness, or the means of its attainment, the narrative beginning where novels usually end, and sober, real life begins, with the wedding ceremony. A gentleman of thirty, with a mind refined by travel and education, and consequently with little hold on fashionable life, except that afforded by the golden links of a long-filled purse, falls in love with and marries a young lady just quitting her teens, and consequently fully ready for her ties. Her character is yet unformed by trial and experience—one word would perhaps do for both, for they are usually synonymous—but the lover has a theory that there is a moral beauty combined with pure physical beauty, which will eventually evolve itself, and become the guiding principle of life—a very pretty theory, by the by, to get married on.

The young wife has a career of luxurious living open to her, which is a strong contrast to the elegant but restricted manner in which she has been brought up by a wise "Aunt Sarah," and falls a victim to its enticements, by which nothing much worse is meant than inordinate shopping, and a pursuit of the polka, under the difficulties of dragging an unwilling husband to the shrines of its celebrations, which he finds quite bad enough, but submits with wisdom. In this the lady is aided and abetted greatly by a sister of the husband, who, hearing he has commenced housekeeping, pays him a visit. She is a lady of fashion, and comes from Baltimore, is very finical and wayward in her fancies, and turns the house topsy-

turvy by her exactions for her whims, touching her personal comfort. Among other vagaries is one which strikes us as a little too great a stride beyond the conventionalities of the New York of 1851. We are aware that this fashionable life is a very strange and mysterious affair in books treating thereupon, but in the various strange things we have read in such veracious chronicles, we do not remember any incident equalling that of a lady, after retiring to rest, rousing an entire household with a demand for a bottle of champagne.

We must not, however, mar the interest of the Christmas gift by revealing further the plot of the story; but we cannot part from the bevy of ruralizing ladies without availing ourselves of one of Mrs. Clavers's admirable portraits, more literally from the life, perhaps than any of Mr. Martin's crayons.

MRS. WHIPPLE.

"Mrs. Whipple was called, in her neighborhood and at the watering-places which she was fond of frequenting, a grass-widow, and we must let the title stand for the position in which she lived, not knowing how to replace it by a better. A deserted wife she was not, exactly, since she was as little disposed to live with her husband as he could possibly be to seek her society; and they were on excellent terms, corresponding with great regularity. Scandal had never breathed upon Mrs. Whipple's good name; her behavior was unexceptionable; she never flirted; she was no babbler, nor did she often make mischief. She dressed with all her might and all her means; she never missed a party of pleasure, or neglected the opportunity for a visit; she chaperoned young ladies and advised young gentlemen; she knit stockings for the poor and embroidered slippers and smoking-caps for the rich; she was an indefatigable church-goer, and played a capital game of whist; was an adept in social etiquette, and an eloquent declaimer against the follies and heartlessness of fashionable society. Like that ingenious little figure which, roll it where you will, has so many and such even sides that it always stands firm, Mrs. Whipple was invariably 'all right' with regard to those around her. Serious with the serious, she never interfered with the whims of the gay. Not being inconveniently interested in anybody in particular, she was able to make herself agreeable to all, maintaining a friendly neutrality which interfered with no one's private likings or dislikings. We need not fill up this outline of Mrs. Whipple's character, for all our readers have doubtless seen a Mrs. Whipple."

We also insert the following passage on domestic cares of an interesting and important character, for the benefit of whom it may concern, whether gay Lady Teazles or suffering Benedicts:

"It may be only a fancy of ours, that Providence has so decidedly fitted woman for household cares, that she is never truly and healthily happy without them; but if it be a fancy, it is one which much observation has confirmed. If there be anything likely to banish the fiend *ennui* from the dwellings of women of fortune, it is the habit of assuming a moderate share of the daily cares which go to make home home. To do everything by proxy is to deprive ourselves of a thousand wholesome, cheerful, innocent interests; to nourish our pride and indolence at the expense of our affections; to sacrifice the life of life to a notion of gentility, poor, hollow, and barren; nay, is there not something almost impious in scorning the position for which God so evidently designed woman, and living an artificial life of our own devising, deputing our duties and privileges to hirelings?"

"It is a singular delusion, this, of some women, and of American women in particular, for we know that even in England women of fortune are much more truly domestic in their tastes and habits than we. We remember a story of a certain Duchess cleaning some picture-frames, when a *protégée* who happened to be present officiously desired to take the office upon herself.

"'Child!' said her grace, 'don't you suppose I should have called a servant if I had not chosen to do it myself?'"

"The German ladies, with all their cultivation, take the most intimate interest in householdry, and they are remarkable for cheerfulness of temper, for natural and charming manners, and for the intelligence and vivacity of their conversational powers. Who knows but the terrible dearth of subjects of conversation among us might be somewhat mitigated, if our ladies spent a part of every morning among the various cares and duties, on the proper performance of which so much of the comfort and happiness of life depends, and which call into action far higher powers than those required for the bald chit-chat of an evening party, or the inanities of a morning call?"

"The universal sentiment of *men* is in favor of active domestic habits for women. It is said that men 'love to see women delicate,' and so they do, doubtless. But does any moderate amount of attention to home affairs deprive a lady of her delicacy? It may prevent the delicacy of dyspepsia, but few gentlemen admire that. Indeed we have yet to discover the man of sense who is displeased by his wife's personal care of the comfort and economy of her house. Those whose lives are embittered by the lack of it are not far to seek. No houses are regulated with such neatness, accuracy, and elegance as those in which the ladies of the family take a personal part in household duties.

"Goethe says of a young woman of his friends—and a man of genius is entitled to speak for his sex:—'After the death of her mother, she displayed a high degree of activity as the head of a numerous young family, and, alone,

had sustained her father in his widowhood. The future husband could thus hope an equal blessing for himself and his descendants, and expect a decided domestic happiness. Every one confessed that she was a woman to be wished for. She was one of those, who, if they do not inspire vehement passion, are found to excite a universal pleasure. A lightly formed, symmetrical figure, a *pure healthy nature, and the glad activity that arises from it, an unembarrassed care for daily necessities*, with all these she was endowed. The observation of these qualities was always agreeable to me, and I always sought the society of those who possessed them.' "

The volume is plentifully interspersed with choice poetic extracts, for which Mrs. Kirkland has a happy eye. She speaks of these as an important part of her design, the development of the beautiful, in her pleasant preface.

The portraits, twelve in number, are all executed with Mr. Martin's well known facility and elegance. They are, however, with one or two very spirited exceptions, some-

what deficient in individuality and vraisemblance, and we are occasionally tempted to believe that the artist has shared in the evident desire of the publisher and editor to avoid any appearance of personality.

So far as our knowledge goes, there has been no lack of verbal criticism over these plates, and our experience of the amenities of human nature leads us to suspect that there will not be any lack during the rest of its career, which is not of so ephemeral a nature as at first sight may be supposed. It will disappear, it is true, soon after New Year's day from the parlor table, but it will be to a place of safe-keeping, whence, in a score or half century of years, it will emerge, to be studied with an interest greater perhaps than that of its virgin freshness. May there be found then among such lookers on the faces, imbued with that beauty which a life of active cheerful goodness preserves in winning charm, even to old age, which now smile upon us in vernal freshness of youth and summer radiance of matronhood.

DE PROFUNDIS.

O THOU unseen controlling power!

Hidden, and yet revealed in all;
Now is my dim, mysterious hour—
For star, and cloud, and varied flower,
Are folded in a shadowy pall.

The overflowing heart within
Seeks out an answering heart in vain;
Forsaken now by lower kin,
Schooled by a rugged discipline,
Yet, yet it yearns to love again.

Art thou to love? Oh, hidden one,
Unveil thyself—majestic sun!
Ye silent hosts, revolving free,
Interpret your star melody!
Break into blended harmony!
My soul is tense—'t will answer ye.

The stretching universe of doubt!
Echo returns upon my call;
Pale horizontal moonbeams fall;
Dancing deception wilders thought.

Art thou to love? They call thee God;
Infants pronounce, and bend the knee,
And reverend names ascribe to thee;
A mother smooths the untressed hair,
And joins two willing palms in prayer;
Vain, vain that others faithful trod,
And marked their way with martyr blood!
The spark that animates our clod
Is individual hope of God.

Art thou to love, though undescried?

Art thou to worship and obey?
Is this thy colored morning tide?
And as the following seasons glide,
And day to night, and night to day,
From flowery June to budding May,
Does some far-throned intelligence
These orbs control—their motions guide—
And all our varying good dispense,
And deem our love a recompense?

The woven mystery of life—
The shaded joy, the lightened ill;
Is there one author to the strife,
And love unfathomed reigning still?

Great Power! my life is little worth
Till thou my inner life be known,
Disperse the shadow of thy throne!
I hate the bauble shows of earth,
With vigors of another birth;
With an elastic upward spring,
Unfolding her ethereal wing;

Ere well the shadows break away
My soul shall greet the earliest ray;
Ere the first whisper waxes loud,
And leaps, a thunder voice, from cloud to
cloud,
The high-winged spirit shall be flown.

N. M. S.

Camden, N. J.

FIVE YEARS IN AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY.

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

WHILE holding some reserved opinions in regard to the utility of the English University system of Education, and though far from conceding that that system has the importance or the interest that Mr. Bristed claims for it, we are quite willing to acknowledge that his "Five Years in an English University," is a noticeable book.

There is nothing in this country that corresponds with the education pursued at the English universities. The years from the age of nineteen to that of twenty-four, during which the English student at Cambridge and Oxford is going through with the prescribed course of study, are devoted in this country, partly to the preparation necessary for the professions, or wholly to the active duties of life. The pressing interests of society, their claims upon the politician, the divine, the lawyer, the physician, the merchant, the trader, the manufacturer, and the mechanic, are already felt, responded to, and are showing a practical result in the combined enterprise of our country, at a time of life when the English student is struggling with the uncongenial difficulties of the Greek iambic or Latin hexameter. Classical learning in an English university is then of course carried to an extent and perfection unknown in any of our colleges. While we acknowledge the want of thoroughness and the incompleteness of the collegiate systems of education pursued with us, and would hope and strive for a wider scope of learning, more full and profound, we still think that it admits of question whether a nearer approach to the English system, or a more remote withdrawal from it, would be more likely to insure the great purpose of education—a fitness for life.

Whatever, indeed, may be the value of the system of education pursued at Oxford and Cambridge, there is a traditional reverence due to those ancient sanctuaries of learning which commends them to our respect as men of taste. We confess to an interest in the subject of Mr. Bristed's book, which his two full volumes abundantly satisfy.

Mr. Bristed passed five years at the University of Cambridge, and in a frank autobiographical account of his career records

what he did there; tells us without reserve of his studies, his Academic successes and failures, of his friendships, his tastes, and diversions. In a preliminary chapter, in which Mr. Bristed unshrinkingly meets the very direct and very pertinent question (not impertinent, as it is proposed by himself) conveyed in his quotation from Cicero, *oro te, quis tu es?* he takes leave of the United States, with a Parthian shot at Yale College:—

A GRADUATE OF YALE COLLEGE.

"I was fifteen years old when I went to New Haven to enter the Freshman class, at Yale College. In the school where I prepared, one of the masters was an Englishman, and the instruction given partly on the English model. I had been fitted for Columbia College, the standard for the Freshman class in which institution was then nearly equal to that for the Sophomore at Yale. (I never met a New Englander who knew this, or could be made to believe it, but it is perfectly true notwithstanding.) The start which I had thus obtained confirmed me in the habits of idleness to which a boy just emancipated from school is prone, when he has nothing immediately before him to excite his ambition. During the first year I did little but read novels and attend debating societies; and the comparison of my experience with that of others leads me to conclude that this is the case with most boys who enter well prepared at a New England College; they go backwards rather than forwards the first year. In the second year came on a great deal of mathematics, laborious rather than difficult; much of it consisted in mere mechanical working of examples in trigonometry and mensuration, which were nearly as great a bore to the best mathematicians in the class as to the worst. I never had any love for or skill in pure science, and my health, moreover, being none of the best, I very early in the Sophomore year gave up all thoughts of obtaining high honors, and settled down contentedly among the twelve or fifteen who are bracketed, after the first two or three, as 'English Orations.' There were four prizes, one in each year, which could be obtained by classics alone, and of these I was fortunate enough to gain three. But they were very imperfect tests; indeed there was at that time no direct means of determining who was the best, or second, or third, classical scholar in any class.

"Most of our young countrymen are eager to rush into their destined profession immediately on leaving college, at the age of eighteen or nineteen. Several of my contemporaries did not wait for Commencement day to begin, nominally at least, their professional studies; but I was by no means in a hurry to finish my education, thinking that a long start is often the safest, especially as I was looking forward to a profession which, above all others, should be entered on after much deliberation and mature judgment. Meaning, then, with God's help, to be a clergyman, I wished first to make myself a scholar, and for this purpose resolved to spend some time at a European University. But when it came to starting, my courage failed me; I was afraid to expose my ignorance abroad, and determined to stay at home another year. This year I would willingly have spent in my native city, as affording more advantages for study; but those who had the disposal of me thought it best that I should remain at New Haven, where accordingly I took up my quarters again as a resident graduate—a very rare animal in those parts. Poor Mason, who was to have been our great American astronomer, was my only companion in that position. The experience of that year fully justifies me in asserting, that if I wished to unmake a partially formed scholar, and to divert the attention of a young man who had a taste that way from such studies, I would send him to reside in no place sooner than in a New England college town. There was no one able to instruct me or inclined to sympathize with me, except two or three gentlemen whose professional duties in the college rendered it impossible for them to give me any regular assistance; but there were plenty of debating societies all about, and no end of young debaters. Without being considered much of a 'speaker' or 'writer' as an under-graduate, I had figured to some extent in the *Yale Literary*, and had just attained that *beau jour de la vie* when a young man gets his first 'piece' into a city magazine. All this fostered the habits of semiliterary idleness which the (so-called) studies of the senior year appear purposely framed to encourage. Moreover, I formed rather an intimate acquaintance with a Mississippian (it was before the days of repudiation), who was always anxious to talk politics, and we used to read about a dozen newspapers a day, and throw the contents of them at each other. When it is stated that I was an ultra abolition Whig and he a slaveholding Democrat, the quantity of belligerent nonsense we interchanged, and the valuable result of our discussions, may be easily imagined. The only tangible residuum that I ever realized from our debates was a pretty large bill for cakes, ice-creams, and sherry-cobblers. Indeed, so put to it was I for some daily work to balance me, as it were, and give me regular habits of study, that for the last three months of the year I joined the Law School, and then finding what I ought to have known before, that I should never make any progress in scholarship

by myself at New Haven, I packed my trunks for England.

"Still it would be unjust to myself to say that I had absolutely wasted the twelve months. They were only comparatively lost. I did about as much in them as I ought to have done in three or four. I had broken ground in Juvenal, Thucydides, Aristophanes, and Pindar, authors who then seldom entered into the reading of an American college student: on the whole, it may fairly be said that I was a favorable specimen of a graduate from a New England College, and rather above the average than below it. Of mathematics I *knew* only a little Euclid and algebra, having gone through the college course of Mechanics, Conic Sections, &c., to as much purpose as some travellers go through various countries.

"As to the rest of my education and accomplishments, they were the usual ones of an American student; that is to say, I could talk a little French and Spanish, and read a little German, had a boarding-school girl's knowledge of the names and rudimentary formulæ of two or three sciences, could write newspaper articles in prose or verse, had a strong tendency to talk politics, and never saw a crowd of people together without feeling as if I should like to get up and make them a speech about things in general. I had read abundance of novels, poetry, and reviews, a fair share of English history, and a great deal of what the school books and the newspaper reporters call 'specimens of eloquence.' I had a supreme opinion of my country (except in matters of scholarship), and a pretty good opinion of myself. To complete the list, it should be added, that I could black my own boots, and, on a pinch, wash my own handkerchiefs. In short, with the exception of easiness of manner and presence of mind (two qualities in which I have always been deficient), I made a very tolerable representative for the reading section of Young America to send among English scholars."

Mr. Bristed arrives at Cambridge, and is admitted a Fellow Commoner of Trinity College:—

FELLOW COMMONER OF TRINITY.

"When, therefore, a boy, or, as we should call him, a young man, leaves his school, public or private, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, and 'goes up' to the University, he necessarily goes up to some particular College, and the first academical authority he makes acquaintance with in the regular order of things is the College Tutor. This gentleman has usually taken high honors either in Classics or Mathematics, and one of his duties is naturally to lecture—only you may be sure that if he has a turn for Classics he is not set to lecture on Mathematics, or *vice versa*, as used to be the case at Yale. But this by no means constitutes the whole or forms the most important part of his functions. He is the medium of all the students'

pecuniary relations with the College. He sends in their accounts every term, and receives the money through his banker; nay more, he takes in the bills of their tradesmen, and settles them also. Further, he has the disposal of the college rooms, and assigns them to their respective occupants. When I speak of the College Tutor, it must not be supposed that one man is equal to all this work in a large college—Trinity, for instance, which usually numbers four hundred under-graduates in residence. A large college has usually two Tutors—Trinity has three—and the students are equally divided among them—*on their sides* the phrase is—without distinction of year, or, as we should call it, of *class*. The jurisdiction of the rooms is divided in like manner. The Tutor is supposed to stand *in loco parentis*—but having sometimes more than a hundred young men under him, he cannot discharge his duties in this respect very thoroughly, nor is it generally expected that he should.

"To the Tutor, then, you go in October. Your name has been on the books since July. Mine was not, as I was a stranger. But that is merely a form. Before you are fairly in your college, you must pass an examination. At many of the colleges this is little more than nominal, any Master of Arts being qualified to admit a candidate; but at Trinity there is a regular test, though it must be owned the standard is not very high. The candidates for admission are examined in the First Book of the Iliad, the First Book of the Æneid, some easy Greek and Latin Prose, Arithmetic, the elements of Algebra, two Books of Euclid, and Paley's Natural Theology. Any one fitted for the Sophomore Class at Yale could pass here without trouble. The candidates are generally well prepared, and the examiner lenient: out of one hundred and thirty or more who offer themselves, there are seldom more than four or five rejected. The principle seems to be, 'Let in every one, and if they can't keep on, that is their lookout.' In this way, various initiation fees are secured which would otherwise be lost. On a rough estimate, out of one hundred and twenty who enter every year at Trinity, more than twenty drop off by the beginning of the second year. This is the only entrance examination, and however much you may know, there is no such thing as entering in advance of the Freshman year, save only for men migrating from Oxford, who are allowed their Oxford terms, and can take second or third year rank at once. The regular examiners are the Dean and the Head Lecturer. The latter functionary was busy about some other matters when I presented myself several days after the beginning of the term. Accordingly, I was told that my classical examination would be postponed to some convenient opportunity, and meanwhile the Senior Dean would admit me on passing the mathematical part of the examination privately to him. This was the very thing I did not want, for I had literally not opened a mathematical book for

two years. In a mixed examination I hoped that my classics would carry me through, but now I was called on to put the worst foot foremost at once. However, there was no help for it, so to the Dean's rooms I went next morning, and scribbled away for three or four hours, doing Quadratic Equations, and the *Pons Asinorum*, by *ἀνάμνησις*, as a Cantab says of doing anything which you learned so long ago that it seems to have been in a different stage of your being. Paley I had read within a year, and worked out an elaborate picture of the human eye to complete my performances. Somehow I nearly floored the paper, and came out feeling much more comfortable than when I went in. I might have been easy about it any way, for the Dons are always ready to smoothe the entrance for a Fellow-Commoner, and it was among this class of students that I enrolled myself by the Dean's advice.

"These Fellow-Commoners are 'young men of fortune,' as the *Cambridge Calendar* and *Cambridge Guide* have it, who, in consideration of their paying twice as much for everything as anybody else, are allowed the privilege of sitting at the Fellows' table in Hall and in their seats at Chapel; of wearing a gown with gold or silver lace, and a velvet cap with a metallic tassel; of having the first choice of rooms; and as is generally believed, and believed not without reason, of getting off with a less number of chapels per week. Among them are included the Honorables *not* eldest sons—only these wear a hat instead of the velvet cap, and are thence popularly known as *Hat* Fellow-Commoners. The noblemen proper, or eldest sons (of whom there are never many in Cambridge, Oxford presenting more attractions for them), wear the plain black silk gown and hat of an M.A., except on feast days and state occasions, when they come out in gowns still more gorgeous than those of the Fellow-Commoners. A Fellow-Commoner of economical habits (and it is not easy for one of them to be of such habits) requires £500 a year, and for the generality of them £800 is not too much. I made the experiment with £400, partly from ignorance, partly from the dashing way an American has of going at anything and trusting to Providence to get through. The not surprising result was that at the end of seven months I found myself a thousand dollars in debt. Indeed, so great is the expense *necessarily* incurred by this class, to say nothing of their greater temptation to unnecessary expenses, that even eldest sons of peers sometimes come up as Pensioners, and younger sons continually do."

Mr. Bristed tells us of Greek and Latin authors studied to an extent that makes our head ache, and to master which certainly requires the *mens sana*, and we are told how a fit residence for this sound mind in *sano corpore* is secured. There is hard head work certainly at Cambridge, which can only be sustained by a good head, backed by a good

physical condition. All manly exercises, boating, riding, and hard walking, are in great favor with the English student.

THE PHYSIQUE OF THE ENGLISH STUDENT.

"There is one great point where the English have the advantage over us: they understand how to take care of their health. Not that the Cantabs are either 'tee-totallers' or 'Graham-ites.' There is indeed a tradition that a 'total-abstinence' society was once established in Cambridge, and that in three years it increased to two members; whether it be still in existence, however, I have not been able to learn. But every Cantab takes his two hours' exercise *per diem*, by walking, riding, rowing, fencing, gymnastics, &c. How many colleges are there here where the students average one hour a day real exercise? Our Columbia boys roll ten-pins and play billiards, which is better than nothing, but very inferior to out-door amusements. In New England (at least it was so ten years ago at Yale), the last thing thought of is

exercise—even the mild walks which are dignified with the name of exercise there, how unlike the Cantab's constitutional of eight miles in less than two hours! If there is a fifteen days' prayer-meeting, or a thousand-and-first new debating-society, or a lecture on some *specialité* which may be of use to half-a-dozen out of the hundred or two who attend it, over goes the exercise at once. And the consequence is—what? There is not a finer-looking set of young men in the world than the Cantabs, and as to their health—why, one hundred and thirty Freshmen enter at Trinity every year, and it is no unfrequent occurrence that, whatever loss they sustain from other causes (accidents will happen in the best regulated colleges), death takes away none of them during the three years and a half which comprise their under-graduate course. Whose memory can match this at Yale? If our youngsters exercised their legs and arms just four times as much as they do, and their tongues ten times as little, it would be the better for them every way."

PRIZE DRAMAS.

THE Hottentots, according to a tradition which has reached us, are accustomed to do their baking in the open air, by clapping a great batch of dough upon the top of a post, and allowing it to be warmed and hardened into bread by the action of the sun. A great many of our public men make their bread nowadays pretty much in the same fashion, by bringing their dough—that is to say, their projects in their early state—before the public in the columns of the newspapers—a very good substitute for the Hottentot pillars—and causing them to be matured by the ripening influence of the general gaze. By way of illustration, in old times, if a man had a fancy for writing a play, he procured pen, ink, and paper, retired to his closet, set to work, and in due course of time the MS. was completed; read perhaps to a friend, presented to the manager, and thereafter, as it might be, performed. This is, however, altogether too quiet and simple a course of proceeding for the present noisy age. Something more than the mere manuscript play is now needed by the ambitious manager. He must make an out-of-door noise: the attention of the public must be challenged: and a sensation created, particularly among that "poor set of devils," the scribbling fraternity; as if they were not already sufficiently harassed by fortune, who keeps them in service, and on profitless duty, with coats out at elbow, and hats glossy with the oil of locks far other than

golden; every once in a while it enters into the head of some enterprising Barnum or other to set them all agog by sending up a paper balloon, in the shape of a glittering advertisement, promising one, two, or three hundred dollars as an award for the best play, to be sent in by, &c. &c.

Immediately on the appearance of one of these bubbles on the edge of the horizon, the entire scribbling brotherhood is in motion, in a wild chase to secure the phenomenon, and to possess it entirely to himself. Some set off at a trot, some at a canter, some at a long gallop; that is to say, some hurry in with plays already written, and on hand: others revamp and readjust old manuscripts to the requirements of the announcement, if it happens to be at all specific; and others deliberately enter upon the composition of a new piece. In nine cases out of ten—in fact, in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand—these gentlemen are all discharging their pieces in the dark, with not the least information or certainty as to the whim of the manager, the ability of the performers, the tastes of the committee of award, or any one of the very many circumstances which will inevitably be decisive of the fate of the production. It will have to run the gauntlet certainly; but if he only had anything like a reasonable guess as to the fashion and extent of the gauntlet he is called to run, it would be a great help to him in "putting it" for the

prize. Into this darkness of the dramatic world we are glad to see a ray of light at length penetrating—and we are proud to hail our fellow-citizen, P. T. Barnum, as the preordained Apollo of native playwrights; we are glad to find that he has time to spare from the annihilator, which is to extinguish all combustion, to devote to the kindling of a flame among the theatre-going portion of our people. He seems to be thus happily the central type of our American system, and to stand in a prudent medium between fire and water; although he fortunately preserves his identity in the circumstance that in both cases it is “all play” after all: although it would be exceedingly unjust to assert that the motive power is in both cases “gas.” To return to the facts of the case, in his announcement in the daily papers, we are pleased to see that Mr. Barnum is disposed to relieve dramatic writers of the dreadful uncertainty which has heretofore hung about such proclamations. Take note of the specialty, for here it is:

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.—Encouraged by the unexampled success of “*The Drunkard*,” “*Charlotte Temple*,” “*The Curate’s Daughter*,” “*Rosina Meadows*,” &c., the proprietor of Barnum’s American Museum now proposes to pay two hundred dollars to the author of the best original, local, and moral drama sent to him, on or before the 1st February, 1852. The drama must be simple in its plot, humorous in its relief, and moral in its aim. A literary committee of taste, ability, and impartiality, will decide upon the merits of the competing dramas. P. T. BARNUM.

Is there any playwright in the country who can object to this, and who will decline to enter upon so specific a job? Mark, my young dramatic friend! (Phineas seems to say, with silvery and persuasive voice)—What are the qualities I demand in a play for the American Museum?—1st, as to genius, it must be “original;” 2d, place, “local;” 3d, character, “moral.” As plain as a pike-staff. Then on the other hand—1st. As to plot, “simple;” 2d. As to humor it is to be “in relief;” 3d. Here we are very

nice; for observe we repeat the dose—that the constitution may be purged to a healthy and immaculate clearness—as to aim, “MORAL.” Then, my young friends, please to take notice you are to be put in the hands of a “literary” committee—“of taste, ability, and impartiality.” And as to the result and upshot—to be definite on a most important point—you are to have just a round two hundred dollars—for the “best,” etc. In every way a handsome offer, handsomely made; and which cannot fail to cause an unexampled demand all over the country for goose-quills and Gillots. From an estimate which we have rapidly made from our own sources of information, we think we can confidently state that in less than a week there will be at least one hundred “competing dramas” received at the box-office of the American Museum; two hundred the second week; and that they will go on increasing at this ratio up to the 1st of February, when the “literary committee” will be in possession of upwards of nine hundred original, local, simple, humorous, and moral pieces. To be specific and particular in our estimates, we find there will be exactly ninety-one hundred. One of these, of course, can only be taken; leaving a balance on hand of ninety hundred and ninety-nine. These will, of course, be of no use to Barnum; but if distributed judiciously through the country, they would no doubt fairly set the poor old drama once upon her legs again—and present her before the world on this stage of the Western continent, arrayed in all the charms which spring from simplicity of plot, local position, originality, humorous relief, and a moral aim. We shall watch with considerable anxiety the approach of the 1st of February; and shall at the earliest opportunity thereafter scrutinize the appearance of the theatrical world, with the expectation of some extraordinary change “for better or worse.”

THE WILD AMERICAN HYACINTH.

In a quiet meadow corner,
Where deep shadows come and go,
Saw they this fair delicate stranger
Close beside a streamlet’s flow.
Soon they turned the fresh sod under,
Till the pearly bulb they found;
And within the children’s garden,
Gave it new and richer ground.
Long and wider grew the shadows
Underneath its grass-like leaves;

Stouter stalk and fairer colors
Next the peering eye perceives.
At the sunset, little fingers
Busily weeded round the stem,
And bright buds were bursting near it,
Just within the border’s hem.
Now rank green is thickly growing
’Mid rose-branches dead and bare,
And the poor wild hyacinth’s flowers
Tell its gardener is not there.

EMILY HERRMANN.

M. AMPÈRE IN AMERICA.

At the last regular meeting of the New York Historical Society, its President, the Hon. Luther Bradish, presented Monsieur Jean Jacques Ampère, professor of modern literature at the College of France, as the honored and distinguished guest of the evening. Little did we think, when it was our privilege to sit among his numerous and cultivated hearers, that it would ever be our pleasure to greet this accomplished *savant* on this side of the Atlantic. Still his appearance was rather a matter of unexpected delight than of real surprise. For we remembered that travelling had formed a part of his early education; that Greece, Italy, Germany, and even the extreme North had all been visited by him long ago; that their scenery, antiquities, monuments of art, their language and literature, had all been made an object of careful observation and long study, the results of which are still extant in the numerous articles from his graceful pen, partly scattered as yet in the different reviews of his country, and partly collected in volumes. (*Littérature et Voyages*. Paris: 1834. 2 vols). He has undoubtedly come among us for the purpose of finding here a new field of observation. Our novel and unprecedented social and political organization, our rising literature and literary institutions; in short, all the doings and strivings of our cis-atlantic life, including even the "history, present condition, and future prospects" of our autochthonic predecessors, will all be duly surveyed by an enlightened, experienced, and candid eye. That few travellers are capable of performing such a task with equal ability and equal chances of success, we intend to show by the following brief remarks on what our friend has already achieved. To his early travels and studies in Italy and Germany we have already alluded; and his very position would lead us to presuppose in him a familiarity with the literatures of Roman origin. But his Teutonic neighbors attribute to him also an equally extensive knowledge of their own and kindred literatures (i. e. the German, English, Swedish, &c.); a merit to which but few of his countrymen can lay any claim. We may also add that his elegant translations of portions of the Edda, that we have seen, and spirited articles on Scandinavian poetry generally, are among the best of their kind.—Like

Herder, Ampère seems to have an ear for the charming harmony of human nature in all the multiplicity of its variations, whether it speaks in the mellifluous accents of the South, or in the pompous and fantastic flourishes of the East, or in the rude and hoarser bass-notes of the semi-barbarous North. The idea of a *Comparative Literature*, first propounded by the same Herder, seems to us to lie at the bottom of all of Ampère's writings and lectures, to form their key-note and distinctive feature. And no Frenchman has a keener sense to seize and appreciate the individuality and characteristic difference of each. His aim seems to be an *ethnography of literature*. And it is this that accounts for the extent and universality of his studies, which have drawn into their magic circle the choicest intellectual productions of all nations and of all ages. This circle includes not only the flowers of classical Greece and Rome, of romantic-mediæval and of classico-romantic modern Europe, but oriental poesy too, with its endless gorgeous array of sensuous imagery and caprice. Even China has had attractions for Ampère, as his work "*De la Chine et des travaux de Remusat*" shows.

To the early literary history of his own nation he has made a valuable and learned contribution in his *Histoire littéraire de la France avant le XIIème siècle* (Paris: 1839-40, 3 volumes); and still more recently (1841), and as a sort of a side-piece to the former, he has given us an erudite history of the formation of the French language (again in three volumes). In this last work—as he himself avows in the introductory remarks, if our memory serves us right—he has undertaken to do for his own tongue what Grimm has done for the dialects that boast of Germanic descent. How far M. A. has succeeded in approaching that unequalled expounder of Teutonic tongues, we are unable to say. One assertion, however, we may safely venture, namely this: that M. Ampère, by his philological as well as by his critical and historical labors, has won for himself an enviable and perhaps enduring place among the first intellectual representatives of his country of the present day; and may he live to give us many more specimens of his extensive erudition, his excellent judgment and skill!

As Professor at the Collège de France he

appears regularly twice a week before a numerous and intelligent audience. The historian *Michelet* alone could show a larger, but neither he nor any one else in that college, a more respectable assembly of hearers than Ampère, among whom may be seen persons of every age and condition; grey-haired sires of leisure and cultivation, intersprinkled among the crowd of college-striplings, training their quills to the rapid process of "in verba Magistri jurare." The velocity of their quills, however, was always outstripped by that of the stenographer, who invariably was seated at the foot of the lecturer's desk, to record his learned improvisations as fast as they dropped from his lips. But the most curious, and to us by far the most interesting portion of his audience was the corps of ladies, seated in immediate proximity to the desk (we often stealthily counted thirty of them, while the lecture was going on); some of whom were muttered to be princesses, &c. &c. (The reader will forgive us this irrelevant digression.) As a lecturer, then, M. Ampère is extremely simple and entirely devoid of all ostentation; his enunciation is distinct and

faultless, and far removed from that ranting vociferation which some men regard as the expression of eloquence; his illustrations, which are often amusing and always go to support some theory or general principle, are drawn from the widest possible range of reading and experience. His language is, like his manner, simple, to the point, and entirely free from that inflated bombast which *sometimes* wounds the ear of the hearer on similar occasions. His sentences, though extemporaneous, are faultlessly measured and correct, and flow without any apparent effort on the part of the speaker. In short, it is his excellent taste, his extensive and varied acquisitions, and his sound judgment, that have won for him his many admirers.

M. Ampère sustains a twofold relation to the institute; he is member both of the Académie Française and of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. In the Ecole Normale he is the successor of Villemain, whom if he does not equal in eloquence, he certainly surpasses in variety of acquirements and extent of horizon.

G. J. A.

POETRY.

TRUE WOMAN.

No quaint conceit of speech,
No golden, minted phrase—
Dame Nature needs to teach,
To echo Woman's praise;
Pure love and truth unite
To do thee, Woman, right!

She is the faithful mirror
Of thoughts that brightest be—
Of feelings without error,
Of matchless constancy;
When art essays to render
More glorious Heaven's bow—
To paint the virgin splendor
Of fresh-fallen mountain snow—
New fancies will I find,
To laud true Woman's mind.

No words can lovelier make
Virtue's all-lovely name:
No change can ever shake
A woman's virtuous fame:
The moon is forth anew,
Though envious clouds endeavor
To screen her from our view—
More beautiful than ever:
So, through detraction's haze,
True woman shines alwaies.

The many-tinted rose,
Of gardens is the queen;

The perfumed violet knows
No peer where she is seen.
The flower of woman-kind
Is aye a gentle mind.

MOTHERWELL.

THE LITTLE FROCK.

A COMMON light blue muslin frock
Is hanging on the wall,
But no one in the household now
Can wear a dress so small.

The sleeves are both turned inside out,
And tell of summer wear;
They seem to wait the owner's hands
Which, last year, hung them there.

'Twas at the children's festival
Her Sunday dress was soiled—
You need not turn it from the light—
To me it is not spoiled!

A sad and yet a pleasant thought
Is to the spirit told
By this dear little rumpled thing,
With dust in every fold.

Why should men weep that to their home
An angel's love is given—
Or that, before them, she is gone
To blessedness in Heaven?

EMILY HERRMANN.

FAMILIAR TALK WITH OUR READERS.

OLD WINTER! thou art here at last! We have kept you off as long as we could, with an embankment of flowers and piled leaves, with sunbeams for arms of defence; but, old grizzly-head, you are too strong for us, as chilly old fellows like you always are. "Well, well," as old grandfather says to his young grandson, "we must make the best on't—he cannot come but once a year." "But then, grandfather," the youngster answers, "he does stay so long." "Never fear you the length, my son," grandfather replies; "you will have all the more time to read that favorite monthly, the DOLLAR MAGAZINE, ain't that the name?" The grumbling youth acknowledges the fact, leaves off complaining, and hies him forthwith to the post-office, to learn whether the new "Dollar" has arrived. Here it is, my young friend. Now fall to with such appetite as you can! But firstly let us say to all of our manifold friends, the publishers, that their kindnesses are not forgotten, nor their good gifts pushed out of sight. It is our intention that they shall receive special mention each by himself, book by book; and rotted and rusted be all goose-quills and Giltot's, if we do not stand by this resolution to the letter!

KOSSUTH AND THE ARTISTS OF NEW YORK.—The following letter has been addressed to the Mayor of New York:—

TO HON. AMBROSE C. KINGSLAND:

RESPECTED SIR—At the request of a number of my brother artists, and with the permission of others, I had the honor on Thursday last of presenting a communication, a copy of which is inclosed, to Alderman Franklin, Chairman of the Executive Committee for the reception of Kossuth, tendering their services gratuitously to aid in furnishing designs, or in superintending the erection of decorative arches, or in works of an artistic character, wherein their services might be deemed most useful. To this communication we have as yet received no reply.

In addition to the above, I have the honor to add another proposition, suggested by Mr. Leutze, viz. if it is the intention of yourself and the Honorable Common Council, among the other civilities to be extended to our guest and his generous compatriots, to give a public dinner or banquet to him and them, on or soon after his arrival, that if you will set apart one end of the hall to the artists of New York, they will, in a body, under the direction of Mr. Leutze and others, lend their aid in decorating the room, presenting a tableau allegorical and typical of the occasion, or in decorating the hall in such a way as they may deem most suitable and proper for the time.

As explaining the design which they may have in contemplation of presenting, would, by anticipation, be likely to destroy much of its effect, allow me to mention the names of some of the artists who have already signified their wish or willingness to take part in such a demonstration:

J. K. Kensett,
Louis Lang,
E. Leutze,
T. Addison Richards,
William Walcutt,
Joseph Kyle
Charles Blauvelt,

Thomas Hicks,
T. P. Rossiter,
C. P. Cranch,
S. R. Gifford,
R. W. Hubbard,
James H. Cafferty,
Robert J. Rayner.

Hoping for the aid of all others whom our limited time has prevented us from consulting.

As this work, should it be undertaken, involves considerable time for preparation, an early answer will very greatly oblige us.

I have the honor to be, sir,

With high respect, yours,

VINCENT COLYER.

FENIMORE COOPER IN PARIS.—The next number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says a Paris Correspondent of the *Boston Atlas*, will contain a biographical notice of Cooper, which will be enriched with several interesting letters from the great novelist, that have never been printed. It is by Monsieur Th. Fulgence Girard. This gentleman, when Cooper first met him (it was in the apartments of Charles Nodier, at the *bibliothèque de l'Arsenal*, with whom both were intimately acquainted), was a young poet, and a celebrated archæologist; he has since written several novels. M. Fulgence Girard was the son of a gallant naval officer, who had long been a prisoner in the notorious English pontoons. They quickly became very intimate, they passed many long hours together, talking over literature and the sea and art. When Cooper was on the eve of leaving for Italy, he accepted an invitation of M. Girard to visit some seaports of Normandy and Brittany. They visited together Havre, Cherbourg, Saint Malo, &c. After having spent some time at M. Girard's country seat, Cooper went to Italy, and during the whole of his tour M. Girard was his constant correspondent.

One of his letters gives an account of a singular incident which befel him, while making one of his numerous visits to the Ducal palace in Venice, with a view to the preparation of the *Bravo*. This long and interesting letter will appear with others next month. One day, when he had gone down into the jails called *'I Pozzi*, having remarked there a large number of inscriptions engraved upon the walls, which he wished to transcribe, the guide, who took no interest in these affairs, told Cooper to transcribe them at his ease, and that he would return for him after a while. He went around, lamp in hand, decyphering and transcribing all the inscriptions; it was during this visit he disinterred that celebrated inscription, which describes philosophically the agonies of some betrayed victim:

"Di quello a cui m'affido, mi guardo Iddio,
Di quello a cui m'affido, mi guerdoro io!"

"May God protect me from him in whom I trust: I can protect myself from him whom I distrust."

Hours rolled by him thus employed, his lamp began to flicker, he called his guide again and again, but there was no reply; the door opened from without. At last, after searching with painful care for some means of escape, the next morning he found a hole pierced in the wall; thinking it might be a speaking trumpet, he put his mouth to the orifice and screamed repeatedly; it was a speaking trumpet leading up to the old Council of Ten. Some strangers visiting the palace with the guides happened to be there, they heard his voice, and the guides then recollected that Cooper was below—he had been forgotten in 'I Pozzi.

This familiar intercourse with Cooper seems to have excited in M. Girard some naval literary ambition, for he has since distinguished himself by several maritime romances, and is at present engaged in writing in the *feuilleton* of the *Siècle*, some interesting *Chronique sur la marine française*. Cooper, in the preface to *** (I forget the name of the novel), speaks of him gratefully, and boasts of his friendship as having powerfully aided his continental education.

For the first three or four months of Cooper's residence in Paris, before he went into society and lived in the Faubourg St. Germain, he lived in an ordinary *Hotel meuble*, in the Rue d'Antin. Anxious to become speedily *au courant* of art, politics, literature, and usages, he spent all day in a reading room on the Boulevard des Capucines, which no longer exists. There he *devoured* everything—newspapers, reviews, *brochures*—and in this manner learned French quite well. The woman who kept the reading-room was very beautiful, and Cooper becoming intimate with her, she explained everything to him, and gave him all the gossip of the day.—*Even. Post.*

HER VOICE.

BY JOHN SAVAGE.

1.

THERE'S music ever floating round my brain,
Breaking its ripples on my anxious ears;
That like a sceptic, hearing heavenly strains,
For first time honors the grand truth he hears:
There is a dreamy joyance in the sound,
A cheering warble as of birds at noon;
While all are on a saddened cadence wound;
Making a beaded rosary of tune!

2.

My soul uptakes it in its misty hands,
And counting out its tuneful beads in pray'r;
Roams through the cloisters of its thought, and stands
A willing holocaust to music there!
It longs to leave the body on the notes,
And wander upward as on sounding wings;
Yet sighs to think, when it in music floats,
It cannot thank her who the glory brings.

A SOCIALIST POET.—A man by the name of Dejacque, arrested for participation in the insurrection of June, and condemned and transported, but pardoned after an eleven months' term, has just been tried for the publication of a col-

lection of poems entitled the *Lazaréennes*, which the Attorney-General considers nothing better than a call upon the poor to rise in rebellion against the rich. Mr. Dejacque is a worker in glue by trade, but a man of letters by taste. The preamble of the work was read by the prosecutor, as sustaining the accusation of "exciting the citizens to hatred and contempt of each other." It runs thus, literally rendered:—

Lazarus is the poor man, anonymous existence,
The needy wretch that sits at the threshold of Opulence:
The hungered and athirst that asks a seat at the feast,
Where the rich man sits, egotistical and stately;
Lazarus is a spectre, waving his winding sheet,
The great disinherited.
Who rises up from the depths of his shivering misery,
And shouts, Equality!

A song, supposed to be chaunted by the *Past*, the *Present*, and the *Future*, was next read by the Government's attorney. The *Present* speaks in the following terms:—

Working man, under the whip,
Under the bit and the spur,
All day unceasingly bent,
Produce and die for your master!
I mean to live on your misery,
And under my grinding knee
To make you grub in the dirt!

Of this collection of metrical socialism, one thousand copies were printed, a large part of which were seized by the police. The author was condemned by the jury to two years' imprisonment and \$400 fine, and the printer to the same fine, but to six months' confinement only.—*Tribune.*

. . . . And now a word in private with you. Have not the hours we have passed together, dear reader of the DOLLAR, flown by us with gentle wings? Is not our voice, our talk, grown a familiar and pleasant thing to you? You must not part company with us, must you? No, no, you answer all together, we fancy. Why do you put so sudden a question? We will answer you, friends of ours. Have you heard of a work published in this great city, much like our own, printed on the same paper, sold at the same price, and known as the NORTH AMERICAN MISCELLANY? Many of you have, and such as have not, may take our word for it. Well, this monthly and our DOLLAR have been jogging along by the side of each other very comfortably for some time; now will you wonder if, finding that our tempers agree marvellously, that our tastes do not differ a jot, that we have pretty much the same subjects to talk of and the same way of talking, if instead of living apart any more, we come together, and live hence forward, for ever, as man and wife in a happy union? You don't object, readers of the DOLLAR? No? We knew you wouldn't, and that you may know how the young couple get along, you will receive the "North American Miscellany and Dollar Magazine," in handsome bridegroom-trim on the first of January; become a friend at once, and stand by the united fortunes of this worthy pair, as many of you have by those of the "Dollar" in its state of single blessedness, for a long, long day.

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